

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The BALKAN WAR

Photographs from
James H. Hare
and an article
by
Frederick Palmer





Electric Commercial Vehicles cut the delivery cost from 8 $\frac{3}{5}$ cents to 6 $\frac{3}{5}$ cents for Macy & Co.—one of New York's department stores. Think of it—far greater efficiency, inestimable advertising and 25% saved!

Figures Tell the Story

A large Cleveland department store has 8 Electric Delivery Wagons in service, making its package delivery over a large area of the city's paved and unpaved streets. In December, 1911, 247 deliveries were made daily, the actual cost for each package delivered being but 2.7 cents. The Denver Gas & Electric Co. supplanted a horse wagon with a 1000 lb. Electric. It did 21.9 per cent more work, at practically the same cost of operation.

What One Company Did

The Ward Bread Co. operates 200 Electric Delivery Wagons in Greater New York. The average cost of operation per mile per vehicle during the unfavorable weather from January to March, 1912, was \$.0466. The efficiency was 98 $\frac{3}{10}$ per cent—and this during winter!

Electrics in Widespread Use

Everywhere you will find Electrics where cost is considered and swift, sure and silent delivery is wanted. The Adams Express Company, the American Express Company, Marshall Field & Co., Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Gimbel Brothers are all using Electrics with great success and are putting more and more of them into service.

Investigate the Electric Now

There is a full 80% of trackless city haulage that Electrics can do *cheapest* and *best*. You can't afford to be satisfied with your *present* delivery system until you have investigated and found out what Electrics can do for *you*. If you will write us today, we will gladly send you interesting literature about Electric Commercial Vehicles.

Public interest and private advantage both favor the Electric.



ELECTRIC VEHICLE
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

124 W. 42nd St.
BOSTON NEW YORK (437) CHICAGO

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
DECEMBER 21, 1912 SATURDAY

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Special Notice:
Arnold Bennett's admirers know "Dentry." "Dentry" comes back in Bennett's newest novel of stage life. "The Regent" in the December American Magazine. Exactly the right size..



BARNEY & BERRY
ICE SKATES

A Shining Present That Will Last A Lifetime

EVERY boy and girl knows when they see the name **Barney & Berry** on skates that they are the best obtainable.

In point of design, strength, workmanship and finish, **Barney & Berry** skates have no equal in the world. They are known and used in "every land where water freezes."

Select the style you desire from our Catalog sent free upon request. It also contains Hockey Rules, Skating Program and directions for building an ice rink. Your dealer will supply you with just the style you desire. Otherwise, write us.

BARNEY & BERRY
109 Broad Street, Springfield, Mass.
LET'S GO SKATING!

COLORADO
AND
SOUTHERN

Winter Trips To Texas—and The Gulf Coast

The far-famed resorts of Texas and the Gulf Coast were never more beautiful than now. San Antonio, "City of the Alamo,"—Galveston, "The Oleander City,"—Houston, "The Magnolia City," with all their charm and attractions, provide all the winter tourist could wish. Dallas, "The City of the Hour," is also well worth a visit. Via

The Colorado & Southern Lines

one may reach all of these points, as well as New Orleans and points in Florida. Very low rates are now in effect allowing liberal stopovers.

Write today for a Free Copy of "From The Summit To The Sea,"—a handsomely illustrated publication in two colors, descriptive of a trip from the Rockies to the Gulf, the winter amusements, hunting and fishing, and many points of interest.

T. E. FISHER
General Passenger Agent
Denver, Colorado

COLORADO
AND
SOUTHERN

EGYPT ITALY
THE MEDITERRANEAN ROUND THE WORLD
via SAN FRANCISCO, AUSTRALIA, CEYLON, etc.
\$600 1ST CABIN—2ND CABIN \$375
STOP OVERTS
SYDNEY SHORT LINE

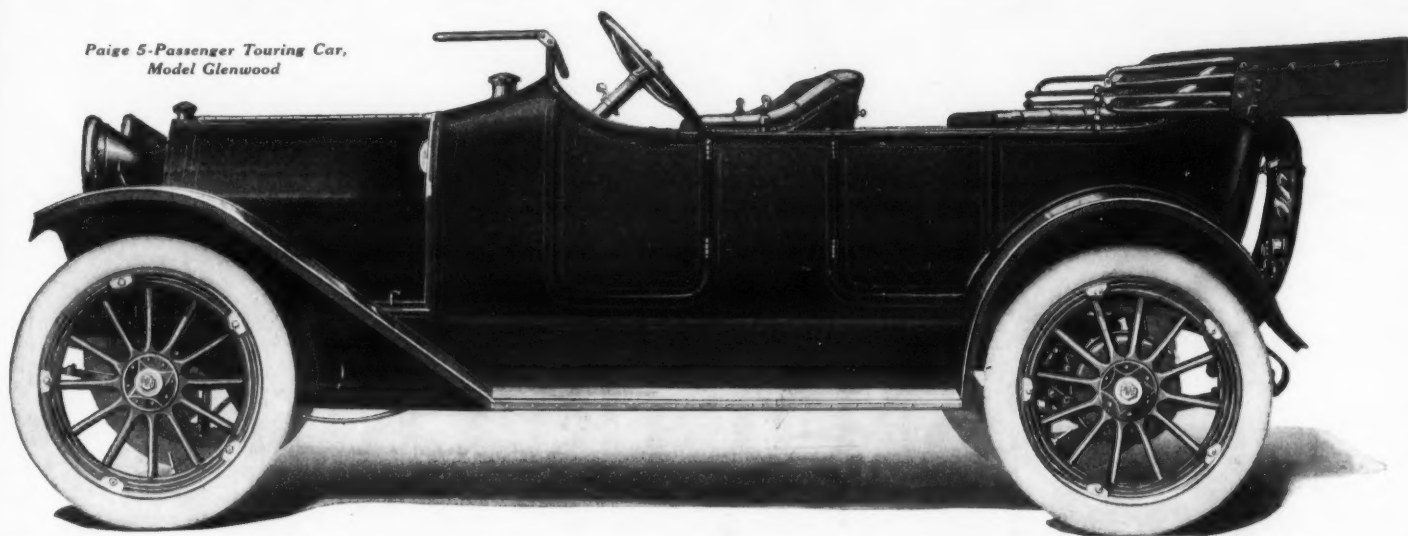
The pleasant and comfortable route Summer or Winter
19 DAYS, San Francisco to Sydney, via HONO, ULU and
SAMOA. Splendid twin-screw (10,000 ton) steamers "SIERRA,"
"SONOMA" and "VENTURA."
\$110 HONOLULU (ROUND TRIP) SYDNEY \$300
Sailings Honolulu every two weeks: Dec. 17, 31, Jan. 14, 28,
etc.; Sydney every 28 days: Dec. 17, Jan. 14, Feb. 11, etc.
Write or wire NOW for berths. Send for folder.
OCEANIC STEAMSHIP CO., 673 Market St., San Francisco

\$1275 Buys This Remarkable

PAIGE 36

Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System, Silent Chain Driven Motor Gears, 116 in. Wheel Base, 34x4 in. Tires, Left-Side Drive, Center Control, Cork Insert Clutch.

Paige 5-Passenger Touring Car, Model Glenwood



All the worth of this advertisement is lost if this new Paige model is not the *best* car and the *most* car for its price.

That's a broad, strong statement, but we mean it.

Either this car is the *best* car, and the *most* car for its price or it isn't.

If it *isn't* then we are mistaken. If we are mistaken then this advertisement is a misrepresentation, and, according to our ideas, a misrepresentation in advertising is *throwing away money*.

One of the largest producers of automobiles has said we cannot sell this Paige "36" for \$1275 without losing money on every car.

We are not making as *much* profit as most manufacturers feel justified in demanding, but we are not *losing* money on this car and we would not *waste* money on it by misrepresentation.

This car stands all by itself as *extra value*. Other cars of equal value may be produced next year or the year after, but there is no other car *now* that gives *so much* in fine construction, size, power, quality of materials, and equipment for its price.

In the first place, the Paige has become the leader in the medium price field *primarily because of its motor*. We don't believe as good a motor ever went into any other car selling at Paige prices. We build our own motors. We couldn't build them more *carefully* or *test* them more *accurately* if we were building them for a \$2500 car.

We have never had a Paige motor sent back to us. Every motor that goes from the Paige plant is RIGHT.

The Paige "36" Motor is a further refinement and offers some marked advantages. It is a long stroke motor 4"x5". And it is powerful—36 actual horsepower—and quiet.

Our silent-chain drive (enclosed and lubricated) for cam shaft, pump and generator, costs more than ordinary gears but helps make this motor quiet—and easier running.

Notice the size of this car, too Not a small automobile, but a really big car. 116" wheel base. The touring body is as roomy as probably any 5-passenger body you ever saw.

Then think of what it means when we give you a Paige Car equipped with the famous Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Electric Lighting System, with Bosch Magneto for ignition.

The Gray & Davis system is found on the best cars ranging in price from \$3000 to \$5000. The high-priced cars are featuring this system.

The Paige "36" was especially designed for the installation of the Gray & Davis system. It is built *into* the power plant—a part of it. Not merely added to it. The starter control is on the steering post. No simpler self-starting system has ever been perfected. A woman can operate it with ease and assurance. No *surer* starting system *ever* will be perfected, for this equipment starts the Paige "36" *every time* and starts it quickly.

Try to find some other car at a price like the Paige "36" price offering you a starting system that *compares* with this Gray & Davis system.

In adopting left-side drive and center control for the new "36" we are in step with the best of the high-priced cars.

It is the logical drive and control. Control by simple gear-shifting ball-pivoted rod.

In the "36" we continue the cork insert multiple disc clutch running in oil. There's no

grab or jerk to this clutch. You don't find it on other cars in the Paige price field.

The seats are very wide and deep, with 10" tilted cushions.

Coupled with the fine balance of this car and the luxurious cushions, the full elliptic rear springs add to its riding comfort. The big 14" brake drums of this car contribute to its safety.

The gasoline tank carried under the shroud dash and filled from *outside* is a convenience typical of this car.

All dash equipment—Speedometer, ammeter, carburetor adjustment, magneto and lighting switches, etc., are imbedded flush in auxiliary dash, convenient to operator.

The equipment on the Paige "36" is unusual—Ventilating Windshield (built into body), Silk Mohair Top (tan lined), Top Boot and Curtains, Stewart Speedometer (revolving dial), 12" Electric Headlights, Electric Side and Tail Lights, Bosch Magneto, Five Demountable Rims, Robe and Foot Rails, Extra Tire Irons, License Brackets, Horn, Pump, Jack, Tools, etc., complete. Heavy Nickel Trimmings throughout.

This advertisement gives you just a hint of *how good* and *how much* the Paige "36" really is.

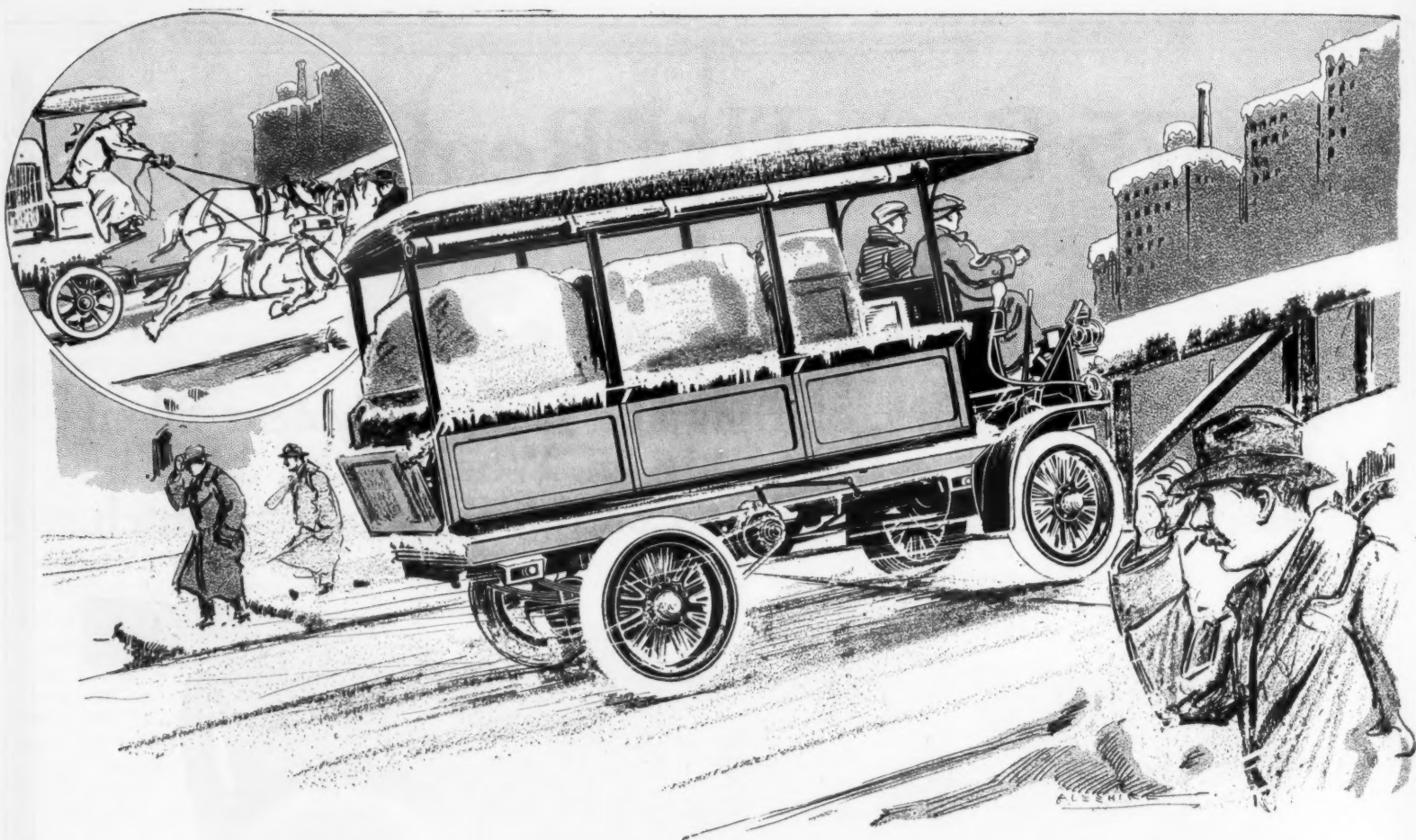
Let us tell you *all about it*. Write us today for Paige 1913 catalog. See the Paige dealer nearest you. If you don't know him ask us.

Paige "36" is built in touring, roadster and closed body-types.

The Paige 1913 Line also continues the Paige "25", Model Brunswick, touring car, \$950, and Model Kenilworth, a roadster, \$950. Regularly equipped in nickel trimming with rain vision windshield, silk mohair top, top boot and curtains, Stewart Speedometer, 5 nickel and black enamel lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, 5 demountable rims, extra tire irons, horn, pump, jack, tools, etc.

See your Paige dealer or write us TODAY.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 351 Twenty-first Street, DETROIT, MICH.



GRAMM TRUCKS

Anticipate and prepare

WHEN the temperature goes down your horse hauling expense goes up. The first flurry of snow forces your horses to work slower than ever. The first ice coated pavements are responsible for the thousands of accidents, falling horses, maimed horses, and horses that have to be shot.

The piling up of snow in the streets means fewer deliveries per mile, smaller delivery radius, and more out of patience customers. The huge snow drifts that form in the outlying and suburban districts, which your horses are absolutely unable to buck, mean a transportation expense, which, in the eyes of ordinary business judgment, is a rank extravagance. The cost of hauling merchandise (by horse) in the winter has, in some instances, been found to be greater than the profits on the goods delivered.

Winter, to the horse-hauling man, means perishing horses, damaged equipment, costly veterinary bills, and big losses due to dissatisfied customers. Those merchants and manufacturers who still stick to the horse, lose hundreds of thousands of dollars every single winter, which can be saved. As you cannot change or control the weather the solution lies in changing your equipment.

The Grammm truck is as efficient in zero weather as it is in June. And in June one Grammm truck can do the work of at least three first-class teams. In some cases one Grammm truck can accomplish as much as four and even five teams, but this varies, according to the nature of your business.

Grammm trucks will plow clean through big snow drifts, without a bit of effort; will not be affected by a gale or a blizzard; cannot slip, slide or fall; operate as easily over icy pavements as over asphalt; do thirty miles of work at 10° below zero as readily as at 70° above; in short, will make as many delivery stops in the teeth of a terrific snow storm as on the Fourth of July.

The rapid approach of winter is something every transportation man must face. Anticipate a little this winter. Think now, not after the season is too far advanced. Prepare for what you know is bound to happen. Be ready for the most costly hauling period of the year.

The Grammm truck has been in use for over ten years. It is built by practical truck builders in the largest individual truck plant in America. It is the most highly developed and practical truck built. We have studied transportation requirements and problems for years. What you are up against we can solve.

We will be glad to send our nearest representative or maybe you would prefer to call. Grammm transportation plans, equipment, facts and figures are worth your most careful consideration.

All advice and information gratis.

(Please address Dept. 4.)

The Grammm Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio

Colliers



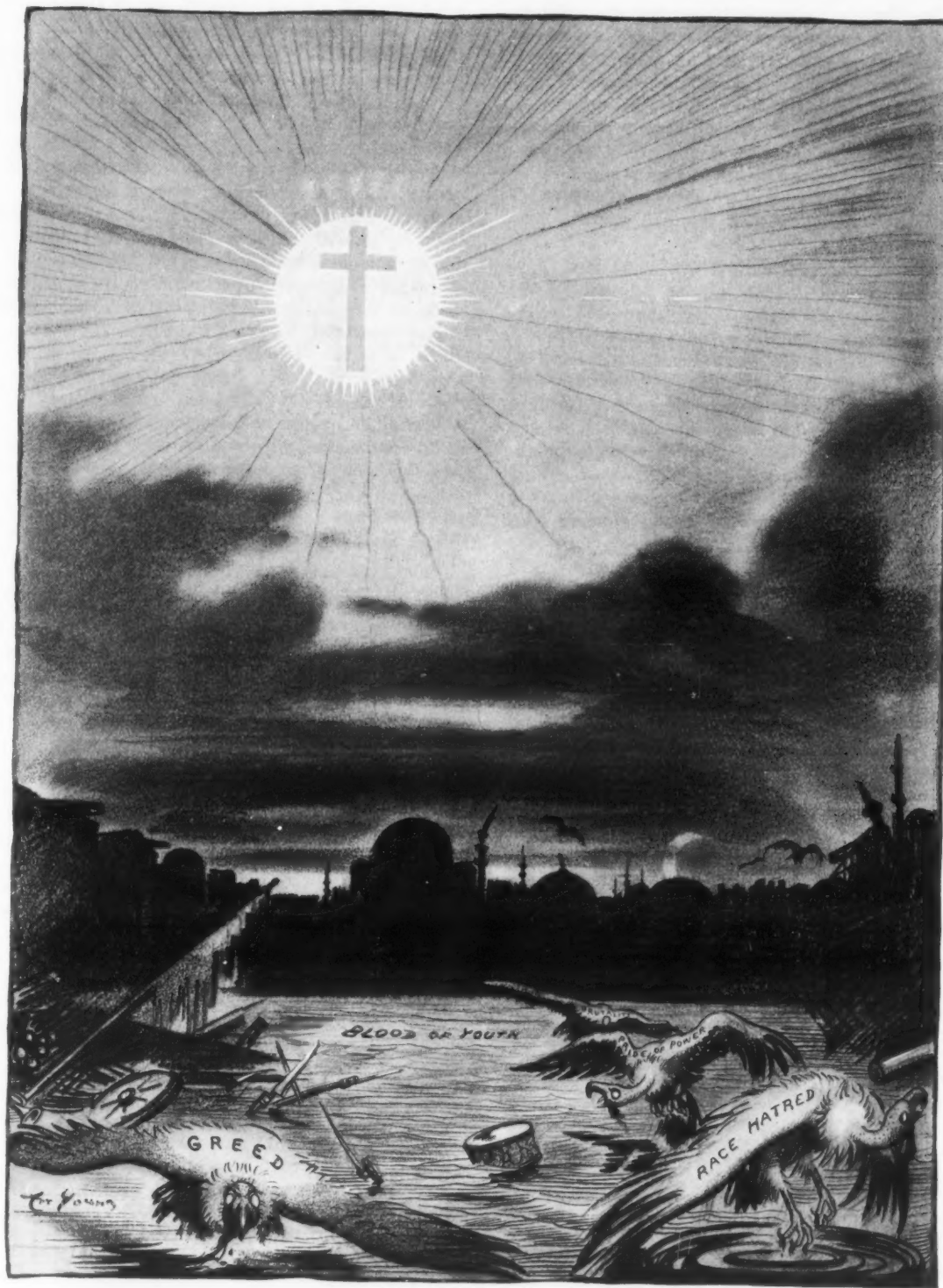
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



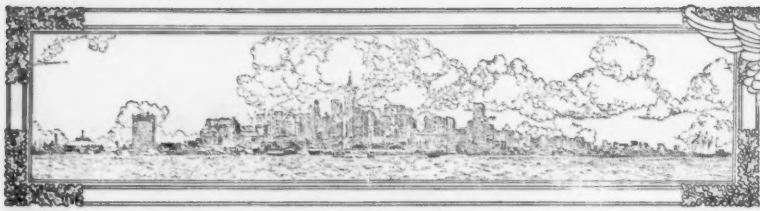
MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



The Light in the East



CHILDREN

YOU WHO HAVE CHILDREN are the blessed ones; you who open sleepy eyes in the gray dawn of Christmas morning to see a small face round with excitement peering through the bedroom door and hear from the next room treble shouts of "Merry Christmas" and the scampering of little feet. You are the happy ones about whose Christmas tree the gifts are mostly toys. There are so many who have no children. So many homeless people in city boarding houses, in village cottages, in mines, in camps, in offices; so many lonely women whom a cruel fate and a chaotic world have robbed of their heritage; so many barren in body or in spirit, to whom home is but a dwelling place and the future only a dream. You about whose skirts little hands are clinging are the ones to whom a Christmas really comes. When in the dusk of Christmas Day the curtains are drawn over the holly wreaths, and the fire throws a soft light among the yuletide evergreens, flickering on the shining tree around which the gifts lie scattered, when a little head rests wearily against the father's knee with the utter trust of childhood, and a soft, tired body snuggles up against the mother's breast, then is life justified. The memory of a hard and lonely past may bring unnoticed tears, the fear of an uncertain future may sober the smile, but this moment at least is a perfect one. The world may roll on with its wars and wickedness and misery, kingdoms may go and governments may come, philosophies and religions may wax and wane, but to you at least is this life worth living, and to you is immortality assured.

THE GALILEAN

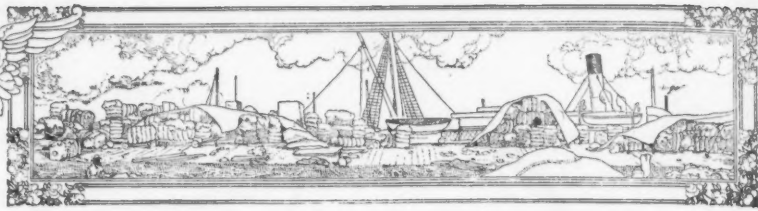
TO HIS LOVELY SPIRIT we bring our sadness and our frailty. His gentle thought knows no alien races, no outcast men nor women. He gathers us all, Jew and Gentile, toil worn and disinherited, within the healing of His love. We need His homely ways, who had no scorn for unsuccess. We need His simple speech, whose words could touch the heart of grief. He told us whither we go. He told us that we go to a place like a father's house, a place with room enough for all. Many years ago, with the tender ministration, He took away the hurt from troubled hearts, and still the thought of Him brings comfort for what is bruised with striving and comradeship for what has never been at home in life. The journey is sweeter with Him in company. His care for us is more understanding than the heart of all other friends, for in the hour of need they are sometimes very far away. His love is so sure that we take it for granted, so forgiving that we are careless of it, trusting it as we trust the sun continuing in the heavens. It sends out its gentle rays into the immense emptiness of life. It would wait, sorrowful and full of remembrance, through a lifetime of years. Inside its golden circumference it includes all the wide areas of the human spirit.

MODERN VASSALAGE

THE RESOURCES of West Virginia do not shame the word marvelous. It is the second State in coal production, the second in coke production, and the first in white sand oil and natural gas. It has extensive hardwood forests. It supplies natural gas for almost the entire Middle West. Here in these mountains and fields is the material basis for what could be a superb civilization. But the State has been for years a sort of appanage of the big captains of industry. HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS, who ran for Vice President on the Democratic ticket in 1904, represented the State in the United States Senate for seven years. STEPHEN B. ELKINS, big physically and mentally, but inordinately ambitious for wealth, honors, and position, married DAVIS's daughter and went to the Senate. When ELKINS died, even before the funeral baked meats were cold, Governor WILLIAM E. GLASSCOCK, wishing to fill the interregnum until the meeting of the Legislature, appointed the late Senator's son, DAVIS ELKINS. Just now the great political and industrial forces of the State, from the Kentucky border to the Eastern Panhandle within a few miles of the national capital, are striving for the return of young ELKINS to the Senate. If they are successful, there will be perpetuated through three generations the rule of a single family over what may rightfully be termed feudal possessions. Of the industrial and political conditions which have gone hand in hand with this organization of society, the bitter war, open bribery, and secret intrigue, some account is given in the present issue of this paper.

INFECTION

ALARGE PART of the recent foment in Mexico came from those Mexicans who crossed the border to work as laborers and section hands on Texas and Kansas railroads, and returned to Mexico filled with the light and inspiration of better things for their people which they had seen with their own eyes.



A LESSON FROM BELOW

VASTLY OVERQUOTED, we think, are those catch phrases of biology, "the struggle for life" and "the survival of the fittest." Usually the service they yield is in defense of something otherwise indefensible—an act of heartless aggression offensive to the moral code, or a bit of selfishness that ignores all of a man's decent obligations to his neighbors. Those most apt to fly for refuge to the phrases know little of the very biology upon which they affect to rely, for they ignore the very essential fact that Nature's creatures hunt in big units as well as small. Whenever a tribal line is established, Nature enforces a rule of service within the tribe, or the pack, or the herd, as rigorously as the moral code is buttressed about and enforced among men. The wolf may do what he will with the rabbit, but among his fellow wolves he must beware of the law of the pack and the power of the pack to turn and rend him. We think some of our plutocrats are finding their riches a heavy load. While they are quoting the biological catch phrases about the "struggle for life," they are actually passing through some such experience as the drone bee faces when the hive has turned upon him, or the decrepit buffalo bull feels when the herd turns and drives him out. A very useful thing for those to remember whose business game has been to scalp the people among whom they dwell is that however much the old-time Sioux was feasted for the scalps he brought in from without the tribe, he was promptly and efficiently tomahawked whenever he tried to gather his loot too near home. A little study of a withering influence that DAVID STARR JORDAN has described in a biological treatise as the "Social Chill" would help a great many of our citizens to understand that their only hope of future survival lies in large-gear service to the big units in which the social conscience is now remorselessly at work.

THE ROOT OF EVIL

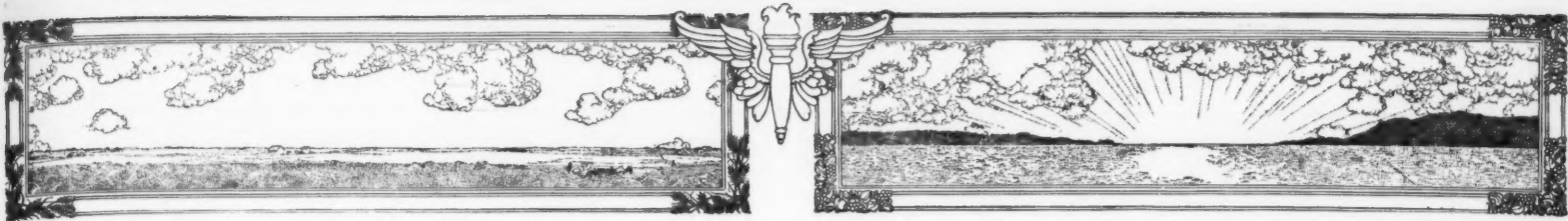
THE DETROIT "SATURDAY NIGHT" puts a discriminating finger on the root of political evil in one town. We think that if the municipal problem in other cities were studied with enough steadiness and penetration the same formula would be found:

The Common Council of Detroit has evaded the State law as far as it dared. . . . The power of the Council is owned or controlled to a large extent by the saloon. Of the thirty-six members of the new Council, eight are saloon keepers. How many of the remaining members owe their election in whole or in part to the aid of the saloon and its agents cannot be accurately measured. . . . Let any interest secure such a measure of control over the affairs of a city as the saloon has secured in this town and you invite incompetence, inefficiency, corruption. This would be true if the controlling interest sold peanuts or potatoes. . . .

Yes, but the mere fact that it is beer and whisky, and not peanuts or potatoes, makes a lot of difference. True, peanuts or potatoes might "invite incompetence, inefficiency, corruption," but beer and whisky bring a good many other things, compared to which inefficiency is harmless. Here is the machinery of a city government borrowed to help stimulate the consumption of a substance which everybody knows destroys the consumer. If the social evil is not largely a commercialized incident of the liquor traffic in Detroit, that city is happy above most others. The saloon keeper is, of course, merely an ill-paid vassal of the brewer and distiller. The real overlords of Detroit, as of many other cities, are apt to be a few wealthy men at the top of the liquor business; they make their money out of the consumption of liquor and the social evil, and they use each to stimulate the other.

ECHOES

OUR RECENT EFFUSION as to the decline of the essay met with an unexpected response. There rolled in upon us a tidal wave of essays touching every topic from China to Peru. And we were assured with solemnity that it was the indifference of editors rather than any thinning out of the quality of our men of letters that leaves us undelighted to-day by the acrid eloquence of a SWIFT, the graces of a LAMB, or the thunders of a CARLYLE. Perhaps. But we hardly found a phrase that could have curtsied itself into the presence of my lady Literature. Strutting there was and elbowing for effect and much raising of querulous voices, but we doubt whether the discourse was of the courtly sort Mr. WALPOLE would have fancied. A newspaper friend reminds us of Mr. MOYNAHAN and Mr. REEDY and one other whom we have forgotten. Why not Fra ELBERTUS? We should do these gentlemen's modesty scant justice did we not believe they would blush at sudden introduction into such noble company. Mr. MOYNAHAN has a pretty gift, as had the late Mr. ANDREW LANG and Mr. COVENTRY PATMORE, but the thin voices of to-day do but make more eloquent the silent places at the great table where the masters used to sit expounding far into the night. For some, a rich silence under the cobwebbed rafters in the deserted tavern, for others the sound and fury of Chautauqua. Echoes are often more eloquent than words.



And Ye Hear Not

OH, when, within our proudest cities, where
The stanchest blows for righteousness are struck,
Vice stalks in unshamed horror, through the glare,
Dragging the name of "mother" in the muck,

Or when, in noisome, crowded, ugly dens,
The little children toil amid the grime,
And work long, painful hours in airless pens
That doom them to a sordid life of crime,

How must the Christmas angel fold his wings,
And turn away to hide his shame-hot tears,
As, through the stars above the smoke, he sings
The same song he has sung two thousand years!

SOME MORMON WOMEN

FROM THE MORMON WOMEN OF UTAH has come an act of independent thinking under stress which seems to promise good. For many years it has been the practice of certain politicians to circulate suggestions through the "Relief Society," the chief organization of the Mormon women, that the Mormon leaders would like the women "to vote for Brother SMOOT," or for some of Brother SMOOT's associates in the dominating political machine. This year, when the usual resolution to work for Senator SMOOT was introduced, it was promptly tabled. Women anxious to please the Mormon hierarchy fought for a day, under the leadership of SUSAN YOUNG GATES, to take the resolution from the table, and finally succeeded, only to see it go to a disastrous defeat. Of the General Board, only six members out of thirty present voted for the resolution. Women from all parts of the State insisted that their local membership consisted of women who were Democrats, Bull Moosers, and Socialists, and that the resolution would prove offensive to all save the Standpat Republicans. The private reports carried to Senator SMOOT from the women's organization must have been disconcerting to him. So far no consequential group of Mormon men has shown the independence in political matters exhibited in this instance by the women. Their lonesome majority for TAFT indicates the success of the Church leaders in herding them together under the old slogan of "Sustain the Authorities." For fifty years that has been the dominating political policy of a majority of the Mormons, and in this instance it brings them into conspicuous prominence as the only religious group in the country voting as a solid body under organization leadership. If the women can forge ahead in the direction of breaking up this unfortunate policy they will perform a service of vast benefit to their church. This Utah incident is an example of something deep and powerful that is going on among the women of America. We know no subject of thoughtful speculation more entertaining than the probable consequences of its sure fruition.

SANTA CLAUS AND OTHERS

THERE IS NOTHING TRUER than a fairy tale. It is the quintessence of what ARISTOTLE calls the probable impossibility. The best of the fairy tales are folklore, giving the boiled-down wisdom of centuries of experience, and the truths they teach are the old, old facts of human nature put into visible form for childish minds to grasp. These tales do not teach morals by precept, but truths by example. In "Snow White," now upon the stage, the selfish, jealous queen loses her beauty as a result of her wickedness. That she grows a long, crooked nose instead of hard eyes and a discontented mouth in no way changes the truth that ugly characters beget ugly countenances—it merely makes it obvious to young, unsubtle minds. No amount of teaching about the brotherhood of man, and Christmas kindness, and the rewards of virtue, can have such an effect on the small, objective soul as is produced by the vision of Santa Claus with his white beard and twinkly eyes coming with toys for good little boys and switches for bad little boys, shedding jollity and benevolence all over the place. Long years from now, when every incident of these stories is lost to the memory, the knowledge of fundamental human values will remain. Teach the children fairy tales and you teach them the wisdom of the ages.

THE SLAG SPOT

WHEN MR. DOOLEY came to this country, with his gift of the gab—his geniality and sociability and humorous charm—was it the fault of that inimitable philosopher himself that we had no place for him but behind the saloon bar? Who is to blame for the fact that the Irish genius for social cooperation has found among us its most notable manifestation in the solidarity of Tammany Hall? We import the music-loving Italians by the hundred thousand, and get

the benefit of their gift of harmony only in the cacophonies of the street pianos. The one public library in the United States that circulates fewer books of fiction than of history and science and philosophy is situated among the Russian Jews on New York's East Side; and the Russian Jew has an ideal of citizenship as eager as his thirst for learning. Who is putting the red flag into his hands? We are hearing much about the harm that the foreign immigrant is doing to us as a nation. Does he do us harm only? And if he did, whose fault would it be? It is the commonest charge of our foreign critics that our national life is unbeautiful, unsocial, too barbarously competitive, and crudely neglectful of the ameliorating graces of art. We are adding every year to our materialistic civilization a huge leaven of Italians, Russians, Hungarians, Poles, Roumanians, and all strains of the blood of art-loving and idealistic races with a genius for social life. We are receiving them, as we received the negro, into industrial slavery. We are crowding them into tenements where any decent life is impossible. We are putting them where we can get no good of them and they can get only evil of us. And we are complaining bitterly about it. We are like the Russian nobleman who housed tenants in his cellar and in consequence got smallpox in his family. If the foreign immigrant is a menace to us, it is because we are making him so. We are exploiting his necessity, industrially, and suffering for the sins of oppression. That is as it should be. If we did not suffer, we should never learn.

"A LIGHT FROM HISTORY"

A BOSTON READER with a long memory, who gives no hint of his identity in signing himself "An Admirer Still," sent us this postal card:

DEAR COLLIER'S—I think it would be interesting just now to reprint a short editorial that appeared in COLLIER'S nearly three years ago, I think, in which the disruption of the Republican party at this time was predicted, and President TAFT compared with BUCHANAN just before the war.

The paragraph referred to appeared in COLLIER'S for May 28, 1910, under the title "A Light from History":

"Many readers wish to know why we rated Mr. TAFT so much higher" "two years ago than we do now. Let us give an incomplete answer by" "offering a comparison. Before Mr. BUCHANAN'S inauguration every—" "thing looked as if he were sure to have a successful Administration." "His character, ability, and experience were promising. He had been" "well educated. He had been, almost without interruption, in the public" "service. He had held positions in the House of Representatives, in the" "Senate, in the Cabinet, in diplomacy. As Secretary of State, in an" "Administration whose foreign problems were difficult, his record had" "been good. As Senator he had stood well. His service abroad had" "apparently given him more than the usual insight into foreign politics." "His character, with its uprightness and caution, was particularly appre—" "ciated by the thoughtful. He talked well. What caused BUCHANAN'S" "failure was a lack of harmony between him and the needs of the" "moment. Men like LINCOLN and SEWARD, talking about irrepressible" "conflicts and houses divided against themselves, represented the stir of" "the time, and all that BUCHANAN could understand was peace. Experi—" "ence and good intentions wasted themselves in effort after harmony." "In the end the President was found firmly joined to one faction," "using his patronage and influence to distress the other. BUCHANAN" "chose a poor Cabinet, which caused surprise, considering his long" "and wide acquaintance with men and affairs. Let us hope that the" "analogy between his Administration and Mr. TAFT'S will in the end" "prove to be fanciful and slight."

With Mr. TAFT within three months of the end of his term, the analogy between him and BUCHANAN is much more clear than it was when his Administration was only fourteen months old.

Epitome

TO LOVE all joy, to fear no wrath,
To see heaven's stars, to know earth's path;
More than these things no mortal hath.

EDMUND VANCE COOK.

TO OUR FRIENDS

THERE ARE several ingredients that go to make up an editor. One of them is the ability to get various points of view. And even with the best of intentions and the greatest diligence that is sometimes difficult. There is nothing that helps so much toward a wider usefulness as the letters which our readers frequently send in. A letter will often get into a few words what an evening's conversation will not cover. The frank criticism of a subscriber will illuminate an entire subject that has seemed permanently obscure. And among our readers we stand as an interpreter, allowing to flow through our columns the thoughts of many States.



The Bulgarians Did It with Oxen

Into the hands of the peasant soldier was put the best of rifles; modern artillery supported him; he was led by officers who knew all the lessons of the Russo-Japanese War—and the rest was left to the ox, which hauled the bread for the army, aided in transporting ammunition, and carried the wounded from the battle fields

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER. COPYRIGHT 1912 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED

FEEDING THE FIGHTER

By FREDERICK PALMER



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NOW we know how Xerxes did it. He did it with oxen. Probably they were white oxen, and probably Xerxes kept the Mesopotamian war correspondents back in the rear with them. If I do not know the ox before this campaign is over, then the taxicab starter of a Broadway hotel does not know the smell of gasoline smoke. The white ox belt begins in southern Hungary, gets dense the other side of the Danube in Servia, and extends right away up to the rear of the victorious Bulgarian army. Had I been able to start across the frontier with the oxen, instead of arriving at Sofia while the decisive battle of Lule Burgas was in progress, I might have seen more of the censurs and perhaps more of the war.

In my first article I spoke of the rugged peasant and shepherd as the man of the war. Into his hands was put the best of rifles. For his support were Creusot guns and up-to-date battery control and field wires. No detail was wanting in the application of the lessons in the use of modern armament taught by the Russo-Japanese War. The rest was left to the ox—and the sheep and the goat.

The average private hardly expects as good food on campaign as he gets at home. Our own, who is well treated, gets along with bacon and beans mostly and cuts out the pie. But he must have a shelter tent for the march, he must have many comparative luxuries which have become necessities. So must the Briton, the Frenchman, and the German when a highly organized modern commissariat sends him forth to danger and strenuous exertion under unaccustomed conditions. Where it would have cost any one of the big nations millions to have fed a force of equal size in invasion, it has hardly cost the Bulgarians hundreds of thousands. The method followed had the cheapness and simplicity of the whole tribe moving out to battle with flocks and herds and the women folk along to do the cooking.

Instead of having to fight on a menu more limited than he was used to, the Bulgarian private has practically enjoyed his regular fare. In a way, he is a home-fed, pampered soldier. He has had the equivalent of hot raised biscuits or corn bread or fluffy puffed oatmeal flakes, roast beef, chops, and French-fried potatoes on the march; the equivalent of leaving a steam-heated bedroom and setting off to the battle field after a meal of mother's own cooking.

HOME COOKING IN CAMP

HIS regular diet is bread and goat's cheese and mutton roasted over the coals of a camp fire, as Miltiades' and Alexander's men roasted theirs. Perhaps he has had to get along without the cheese at times, which is the same thing as an American soldier going without his pie and sugar in his coffee. When tending his sheep he sleeps under a straw thatch in the coldest weather. Of course, he shivers; of course, he suffers from the cold. But he is used to it; and he cannot have a change by kicking to the porter of the Pullman or the conductor of the train or the janitor about lack of steam pressure or by going downstairs and shaking

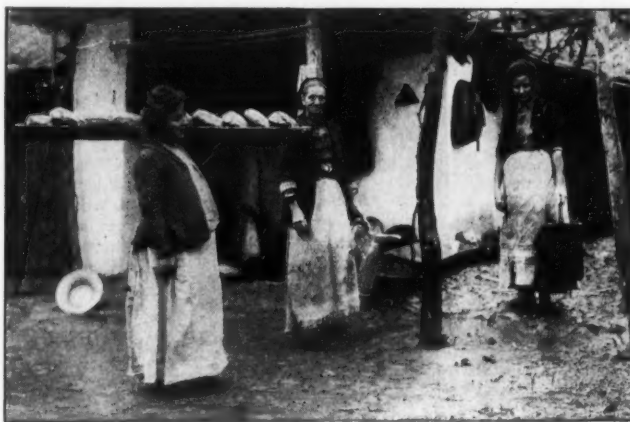
Old men and boys not of service age were called out with their family oxcarts to follow the army with loaves



up the furnace in person. He can only pull his wool skin about him and wait for the cold snap to pass.

The frugality of his fare gives the Balkan man the digestion of an ostrich. He is not used to eating for the pleasure of eating. He does not eat because meal-time has come around again. He eats for the strictly utilitarian purpose of satisfying his hunger. No heavy blanket or shelter tent encumbers him. Wife or mother is no more apprehensive about his getting pneumonia than about his losing his appetite. For him the difference between sleeping in a trench and under a shepherd's windbreak is that of ten or fifteen degrees difference in the temperature of our sleeping rooms. Mind and body in the stress and exposure of war remain normal.

The officers of the regular establishments are, of course, used to better things, but to nothing like the luxuries which foreign officers enjoy; and the enduring peasant strain is in their blood. All of which goes to prove that route marches and drill in the manual of arms and fire discipline for the average youth of other



When a woman is given a sack of flour by the commissary for baking she is expected to return a fixed number of loaves

countries lack one feature which the Bulgarian youth has when he is called to the colors.

For that which is bred in the Bulgarian and hardened in him we could find a substitute only by putting our own soldiers on hard biscuits and bacon and housing them in the Northern States in straw thatches for a year. Then those whom pneumonia and bronchitis had not killed and those whom rheumatism had not crippled might be in the same condition for a late autumn campaign as the Bulgarians were. Sherman's veterans, who had fought in the chilling blasts of sleet before Fort Donelson, bivouacked on the damp earth at Shiloh and wallowed through the marshes around Vicksburg before their march to the sea had achieved the physical toughness which delights great commanders.

The Bulgarian army heads had been preparing for this war longer than Colonel Goethals has been preparing for the opening of the Panama Canal. They understood their enemy and the resources of their country.

As you know, when war was set as no less a definite event on the calendar than the opening of the league baseball season next spring, the Government arranged to buy up all the wheat in Bulgaria, or at least enough of it for the object in view. The bank which did the buying was allowed no profit. Most of this wheat was ground at the regular public rates. A price was set for flour which might not be exceeded. Thus any rise due to corners or speculations was prevented.

The flour is not the velvety white and powdery fine

triple XXX kind. It is whole wheat flour, which makes the black bread in which the teeth of one of Philip of Macedon's sergeants major would have felt perfectly at home. In solid consistency of nourishment it is as much like our home product as a hard-boiled egg is like the heart of a charlotte russe. It is not a wafer on which you spread butter, not a contributory incidental variety at the side of your plate, but a slab which you take without butter. It is the kind of bread which you can live upon. I think I could live upon it myself, though I would not care to permanently any more than I would care to settle down permanently in a straw thatch on the slopes of the Balkans.

Think of sending a loaf of mother's bread hundreds of miles in a cart exposed to the weather! If it bore the journey well she would hardly consider it a compliment to her baking. Think of having to carry enough of it in your haversack to satisfy your hunger! And black bread satisfies hunger. It is made expressly for that purpose. Also it saves tooth powder and dentists' bills.

A GREAT TRIBAL ATTACK

AS BREAD had to be baked for the male population in time of peace, really there were no more mouths to feed in time of war. The males were simply on the move. This made more work only for the village ovens and the private ovens in the neighborhood of the army. The war began when the oxen would ordinarily have been roughing up their coats for the winter blasts and settling down to their long holiday. They had to do their share in the great tribal attack on the Turks. Old men and boys not of service

age were called out with their family oxcarts to follow the army with the loaves. Where there was neither grandfather nor grandson still living, the women of the house took the whip. For the service the Government gives a little slip of paper with "Promise to Pay," which is bound to be perfectly good if the oxen did their part and the Turks have been beaten. Not many in number were this people; not much had they to give. But this is certain—they gave their all for the cause.

The mutton to go with the bread went on its own hoofs. In countries more variously cultivated, flocks of sheep which were to be slaughtered by the army as required would have clogged the roads. In one sense there are no roads in the Balkans; in another there is a road in whatever direction you choose to go. Fences are a superfluity where personal shepherding keeps the flocks out of the wheat fields and the turnip and cabbage patches. The pressure of sheep hoofs for centuries has made the turf of the all but treeless hills singularly hard. Sheep trails cross the gullies and stream fords. You can drive a flock from Sofia to Constantinople without having to take to the highway except briefly over certain bridges. In patches of billowy black and white wool flowed the army's meat, down into the valleys and up the slopes, driven by more old men and boys who were not of fighting age.

THE PICTURE ON THE BRIDGE

CHOPS always fresh! No need of refrigeration! No "embalmed" beef scandals! No puzzling quandary as how to unite the functions of the quartermaster and the commissary when the commissariat travels on its own feet! All as simple as the sheik and his men picking up their tents and moving from one pasture to another! All classic and early Christian plus Von Moltke and Creusot!

On the old bridge across the Maritza at Mustapha Pasha you have a moving-picture story of the dramatic personæ of the war. So solid, indeed, that bridge built in the time of Sultan Selim that the Turks of a later generation, working with that modern pagan magic dynamite to blow it up, did no more damage

than could be repaired by a few planks and girders. Nothing is ever quite so accommodating on the part of a retreating army to its adversary as leaving a crossing over a large river to enable prompt pursuit. A regiment of reservists on the way to the front, or a regiment being shifted to another point in the line of investment of Adrianople, or a pony train of ammunition, makes a break in the stream of transportation. The oxen take the recess for chewing their cud in Oriental calm.

Again the carts sway and creak as they proceed. You wonder that the road is not strewn with wreckage. But the very limberness of the weaving and yielding vehicle adapts it to the inequalities under its tires. Groaningly it gives; but it rarely breaks. If madam is driving, make sure that she knows as well as her husband how to care for the family ark on tour. Her husband is away at the front. She will know whether he has been killed or not when the war is over and an official list of casualties has been published. It is a long cry from her viewpoint in the name of Christ against Allah and Bulgar against Turk to that of the wife of the young commuter who worries all day lest darling shall catch his death of cold because he left home on a rainy day without his rubbers.

And the traffic policeman of the bridge? He who keeps the loaded carts to the right and the empties to the left! He who says something in Slavic gutturals which means to move on. He is new to the task, but not fussed by it—this swarthy, sturdy peasant in his homespun and wool skins, with his old Russian rifle. For no soldier of fighting age is wasted on guarding communications or doing police duty. The men from twenty to forty-five are on the firing line. Thus it is that a nation of only four millions of population is able to put so large a fighting force in the field. All of the wheat kernel goes into the flour; all the youthful vigor of the land into actual contact with the enemy. Character free of any fickleness is stamped on the faces of the men and women—fixed, stolid, and stoical character.

THE WOMAN'S PART

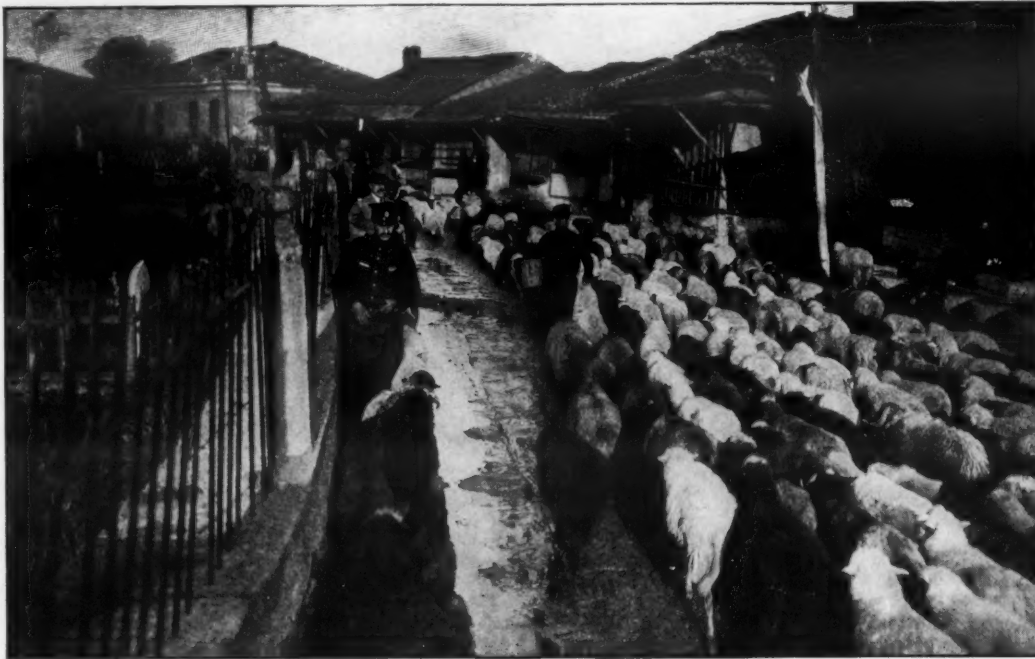
WHEN a woman is given a sack of flour by the commissary for baking, she is expected to return a fixed number of loaves to the commissary. The women of the household where Hare and I have our quarters are doing their part slipping great lumps of dough into the primitive oven which has been heated by spreading live coals over the floor; and the lumps come out the kind of freight which need not be marked "Fragile" and "Perishable" for transit.

By the way, next door to us lives a Turk who has a Christian wife. The children have been baptized in the mother's faith. It is the one case in Mustapha Pasha. The rarity of such a union among races that have been living neighbors for six hundred years pretty well emphasizes the hopelessness of racial amalgamation in the Balkans. The Turk remains a Turk, the Christian remains a Christian. One or the other had to go. It is the one who blocks the way for the dynamo and the public-school system who is going.

Other captured towns play the same rôle as this. In many villages the Bulgarians outnumber the Turks. They welcome the invaders as kindred and liberators. Captured flocks are added to the billowy movement over the hills; captured supplies of flour go to Bulgarian women for baking. More Bulgarian oxcarts join the stream of transport. The Turkish commanders can depend only on men of their own race to fight; not on all Turkish subjects who have been drawn in conscription. Bulgars and Serbs and Greeks in the Turkish uniform fire over the enemy's head. They hasten to desert at the first opportunity, bringing with them valuable military information. On the conquering army goes, receiving recruits and sustenance as it marches. Therefore, military experts may look for few lessons from this campaign in the business of supplying troops.

This is a war by itself: a war rich in picturesqueness, teeming with human passion, which excites the imagination, but with the fighting on the Bulgarian side carried on behind stage curtains. Occasionally a hand is thrust out between the curtains with a brief official notice that another town has been taken.

Hare and I were five days getting even as far as this toward the front. The pass given us at Sofia took us only as far as Stara Zagora. There we had to wait for



The mutton to go with the bread went on its own hoofs

another pass to go on to Mustapha Pasha. We traveled by rail when a single track with a few sidings was crowded with supplies going in one direction and trains of wounded in the other. The discomfort of it was far worse than taking the trail with a horse; but you curbed your impatience as you waited hours on hours at way stations in thought of the sufferings of these men, who, after they had dropped on the field of Lule Burgas, had traveled for days crowded together.

The scene in the station at Stara Zagora is etched on my mind indelibly. In the middle of the waiting room a group of peasants who had brought horses for the artillery from the Roumanian border had squatted around their meal of bread and cheese, which was spread over the floor. Fed to repletion, they stretched themselves out and fell into the heavy slumber of utter exhaustion while the crowd passed around them. Outside was chill, pouring rain. A train of forty cars, some box, some third-class passenger, came in filled with wounded. The open doors of the box cars and the windows of the carriages were spotted with the white of the bandages of heads and hands of those who were able to stand, acting as ambassadors for food and drink for those on the inside who were not.

Great trays of quarter loaves were borne along and held up to the extended hands, and then pails of water and dippers. The busiest person in sight was one of the Bulgarian Red Cross women, as sturdy as she was vigorous. Her white gown soon looked as if it had just come out of the river. She was wet to the skin. A pair of high-heeled slippers she had on were saturated; and the raindrops were shaken with a glitter from her bare hair as she tossed her head in energetic directions and a flow of emphatic Bulgarian. After the bread and water, brandy glasses of the native cognac were distributed; and the managing directress of bounty leaped in and out of the box cars to make sure that no favored hand near the door carried more than one glass to the same pair of lips. All the while she talked from her ample lungs in the great cheer of her vitality and the lively play of her features. Her face was not beautiful, but it was peculiarly the kind that was good



Greek priest blessing a soldier starting for the front. The boy on the right is carrying holy water

for a wounded soldier to look at as she poured out a portion of warming red liquor.

There were other women, I repeat. Some were as busy as she, but in much the way of Marceline; and, presumably by no other authority than that of her innate force, all were looking to her for orders. As the box-car doors were pulled to and the train moved out on its weary journey to Sofia, she wiped her per-

spiring brow and looked skyward in apparent recognition of the fact that it was raining.

An English correspondent, through an interpreter, complimented her on her good work, and said she was really the Florence Nightingale of Bulgaria. She showed her fine, even, white teeth in a laugh and shook some more raindrops from her hair. Afterward my interpreter overheard her passing a remark about one of those funny foreigners who had been making a speech

to her; and then she asked who Florence Nightingale was. Really, it was quite immaterial whether she knew or not. It would have been impossible for a foreign Red Cross woman to have played her sympathetic part. She was "home folks." When the next trainload of wounded came in she had changed her shoes, but she still wore the wet gown and was as ready for business again as if she had just opened the shutters of the shop in the morning.

It is not worth while to speak of our own wait from four in the afternoon until midnight; of how later, at two in the morning, we were dropped at the junction of Nova Zagora; of how we waded through the mud in the darkness to an unlighted room of a peasant hostelry, where we waited again until long after dark,

finally to board a train for Mustapha Pasha. Before daybreak the next morning we saw the beams of the Turkish searchlights playing from Adrianople and heard the boom of guns.

"Just in time," we thought.

In Sofia every day had brought rumors that Adrianople had already fallen. We were afraid that we should not arrive in time for the attack on the fortress.

Well, we have been here five days, and the attack is not yet. Except for an occasional sortie by the Turks, which brings a relatively small and localized outburst of fire, all is peaceful where the gunners



Is the son living or dead? The Bulgarian army publishes no list of casualties, no news

of the Cross and the Crescent watch each other from their positions. Meanwhile the garrison, flower of the Turkish army, counts its diminishing rations. They must eat while they continue to hold out, though the civil population starves.

MR. PALMER'S OPINION OF LIEUTENANT WAGNER

WE WAIT and smile over Lieutenant Wagner of the Vienna "Reichspost," who is in the thick of every fight and always first at the wire. He has invented a new kind of war correspondence. The old-fashioned ethics of the men who pretended to ethics was not to describe an action which they knew only through reports as if they had seen it. They kept to a nice distinction between what was first-hand and what was second-hand observation, what was fact and what was invention. Wagner thrills Europe with the story of a poor-winded horse ridden from the front, and of the details of Lule Burgas, when, during the battle, he went by train from here, which is seventy miles as the crow flies from Lule Burgas, to Stara Zagora, which is much farther.

At Stara Zagora he had the wire, while any correspondents who may have actually witnessed the battle did not have the wire. He could have written the account just as well in Sofia. But he "got" all Europe, nevertheless, with a staff map and a little information. Of course, if there were a forest in the army's path, it passed through the forest with the spirits of the all-victorious troops rising higher. Of course, if there were a plain in front of the Turkish position, the Bulgarian infantry charged valiantly across it. And so on, and so on. The receipt is as easy as it was for Dr. Cook.

Turkish Prisoners Receiving Sentence of Death



Two Turkish prisoners, alleged to have fired upon Bulgarian troops after capture, were executed by hanging on November 16. This small photograph shows one at prayer after receiving sentence. In the companion photograph he is washing his feet



Five minutes were given the prisoners to prepare for execution according to the rites of the Mohammedan faith. Hanging is supposed to bar the Moslem from perfect rest in Paradise

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The Case Of West Virginia



By C. P. CONNOLLY

IN 1906, in a public speech, Governor W. M. O. Du son of West Virginia said: "I have known the Legislatures of this State pretty intimately for thirty years, and I have never known any legislation to pass the Legislature, except in two or three instances, that the corporation lobby did not want passed."

"You can't get any bill through the Legislature without making peace with the big corporations, no matter how insignificant the bill is," said one State Senator to me.

It is singular how a sort of retributive justice invariably follows hard on the heels of political folly. For years, bills looking to arbitration of labor disputes have been held up in West Virginia legislative committees; the committees were controlled by the lobby. Last summer the State had all of its available militia in the field, some eleven hundred men, and still has a force on guard. Some of these boys were school-teachers, some bank clerks, but, whatever their occupation, they made up the best the State had in the way of citizenship. They were bivouacked in the gulches, deploying here and there in companies, directing themselves against armed miners who carried on guerrilla warfare—raining rifle balls blindly against every target, human or inanimate, and then retreating to the protection of their mountain fastnesses. Machine guns and searchlights were mounted on the mine tipples, or had been until the soldiers came, and terrified women sought shelter behind inner breastworks made up of hastily collected mattresses. I traveled up those narrow gulches, in places less than two hundred feet wide, in a train equipped with rapid-fire machine guns that had the power to mow down forests, and that could sweep with deadly fire the sides of those pyramidal hills. The windows of the coach in which I sat had been splattered by rifle balls. In the baggage car were the hounds that trailed the Allens who shot up the Carroll County Courthouse in West Virginia and killed Judge Massie; and behind the hounds, when they took the scent, was the young man, supple of limb and unafrighted by danger, who had just won the world's prize as a rifle shot at Stockholm. That same morning two hundred shots had been fired from ambush on the morning shift of "scabs" entering the head house of one of the mines.

"A CHECK BOOK AND A FOUNTAIN PEN"

IT WAS war, and had been war all summer. It was then November, and barefooted women and children, evicted from the company houses, were here and there huddled in tents wherever there was an unclaimed strip of ground. They even occupied the little cemetery where their dead lay buried. Their husbands and fathers were off to the war. And to fight these warring miners, under the ostensible banner of the State, the best citizenship had been commandeered by men who, stripping the State of its wealth, practically paid no tax. The war drained the State's treasury of over \$200,000.

Two years ago, when William E. Chilton and Clarence W. Watson, the present United States Senators, were elected to the United States Senate, they prevented the passage of a direct primary law, to which their party was pledged. This year, when Clarence W. Watson, who had been elected for a short term to succeed the son of Stephen B. Elkins, was again a candidate, public opinion rode so restive a horse that Watson sought to hobble it with a promise that if a Democratic Legislature were elected he would not rely upon that body for indorsement, but would submit his candidacy to a post-election primary to be held in the latter part of November. But it was too late. Public opinion was no longer to be trifled with. Woodrow Wilson carried the State by forty thousand plurality, in round numbers, while the Republicans and Progressives carried the Legislature by forty thousand. Two years ago the Democrats had a majority of eleven in the Legislature; the opposition now controls it by twenty-two. In order to hush the ministers who were crying out against bribery, some of the men who sold their votes in the Senatorship contest voted also to submit to

the people a constitutional amendment prohibiting liquor traffic in the State. They did not dream the amendment would carry; but it did by 91,000 majority.

Stephen B. Elkins and Nathan B. Scott, Republicans, represented the State in the United States Senate until 1911. President Taft's Administration was an excuse for thousands of West Virginia Republicans to stay at home in the election of 1910, and the Democrats of the State came to the feast of office with appetites whetted by long abstinence. John T. McGraw, an accomplished and eloquent lawyer, had been the leader of the Democratic party in the State for years. His father had been foreman of a construction crew on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in the early days, and the son had risen until he had become the attorney of the railroad company for which his father had laid ties. He lost the railroad attorneyship in 1896 because of loyalty to his political party. When the Legislature of 1911 met, he was generally believed to have had a majority of the caucus. A brother of Senator William E. Chilton, during the legislative session, said, in the presence of several, that Watson "had come to Charleston with one delegate in the Lower House, a check book, and a fountain pen."

WATSON AS A FINANCIER

WATSON is a multimillionaire. His home is in Baltimore. He has a country residence and horse stud in West Virginia. His father was one of the first big coal operators in West Virginia. Watson, in the past, was a Democrat when the party was tractable, and a Republican when it was stubborn. He supported McKinley in 1896. He employs 15,000 men, of whom 10,000 are foreign-born, and he has periodically helped the local Republican majority in his coal regions as an insurance against labor troubles, and in order to control the machinery of law. He is a consistent believer in political insurance. He subscribed \$5,000 to the Democratic national ticket, though his Consolidation Coal Company was one of the "trusts" against which the Democratic Campaign Book of 1912 specifically inveighed. Fifty-two per cent of the stock of this company is, or was recently, owned by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The Consolidation Coal Company, a giant combine, whose electric advertising signs may be seen flashing at night across New York Harbor, owns the majority of the stock of the Metropolitan Coal Company of Boston, which latter company is engaged in the retail trade throughout New England. It also owns a majority of the stock of the Somerset Coal Company and of the Fairmont Coal Company, which latter company again controls the Clarksburg Fuel Company. The Fairmont Coal Company owns the Northwestern Fuel Company, which sells coal and coke at Chicago and in the lacustrine region to the north of Chicago.

The Pittsburgh & Fairmont Fuel Company was an independent company. It sold its coal through the Fairmont Coal Company, and had the use of certain cars owned by Watson's company. Watson notified the Pittsburgh company that it would have to seek some other outlet for its product. The Pittsburgh company had no other outlet, and without large expense could not get one. This Watson knew. According to a report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it was practically compelled to turn a majority of its stock over to Watson's company at a nominal sum, although it was shipping at the time three hundred thousand tons of coal a year. It received a dollar a share for its stock.

When Watson had secured control of the Pittsburgh company, he turned his attention to the Southern Coal and Transportation Company, which owned forty-eight hundred acres of coal lands in West Virginia. This last company could not sell its coal because the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was always short of cars for its particular use. B. F. Berry, the president of the company, finally signed a contract to sell its entire capital stock and bonds to C. W. Watson and J. H. Wheelwright, the president and vice president respectively of the Consolidation Coal Company. Immediately after the purchase, Watson and Wheelwright sold half of the stock of the Southern Coal and Transportation Company and all of its bonds to the Consolidation Coal Company for \$25,000 more than they had paid for the entire stock and

bonds. The Southern Coal and Transportation Company had about \$500,000 invested in its property, and sold out to Watson and Wheelwright at a loss. Whatever the reader may think of these transactions, there are plain-spoken citizens in West Virginia who do not hesitate to speak of them as criminal.

Any court of equity might rightfully hold that these officials were the trustees of their stockholders and were not entitled to these great commissions, even though their conduct in acquiring the properties was risky enough to justify them.

About the first of May, 1906, and during the progress of the investigation which the Interstate Commerce Commission was directed by Congress to make, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company sold, or pretended to sell, its stock in the Consolidation Coal Company to a syndicate composed of Watson, Wheelwright, and others. This sale was intended to evade the provisions of the Hepburn Act. Under the terms of sale, the purchase money can be paid off without any expenditure on the part of the purchasers, the annual stock dividends from the company amounting to more than the annual payments of the purchasers. There is a distinct prohibition against the full purchase price being paid in less than thirty years, and there is no personal liability on the part of the purchasers for the payment of the deferred purchase money. Meanwhile, all coal handled by the Consolidation Coal Company is to be shipped over the Baltimore & Ohio at transportation rates which it is presumed the railroad company may arbitrarily fix.

In its report, transmitted to Congress on January 25, 1907, the Interstate Commerce Commission pointed out that during the period of most remarkable growth in coal tonnage on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad some independent coal operators were compelled to dispose of their plants at a loss because they were unable to get cars; that other persons, desiring to become shippers, were subjected to serious discouragements, "that being the policy of the road"; while the Consolidation Coal Company and its subsidiary companies, in which the Baltimore & Ohio owned fifty-two per cent of the stock, increased, developed, and expanded.

CHILTON SHORT IN HIS ACCOUNTS

HAVING glanced at Watson's business methods, let us follow him and his political partner into still more unsavory political careers. After Watson had seized the properties of his competitors, he decided to go to the United States Senate. Elkins had been a member of the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate; he would aspire to his place. That was a useful vantage ground for one who mined and transported coal on so large a scale. He was a stranger to most of the people of West Virginia, though well known to the people of Baltimore as a long-time resident of that city. His campaign was opened by a laudatory article setting forth his candidacy, sent out to many newspapers, inclosed in an envelope stamped: "General Offices of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co." Baltimore & Ohio officials claim that the use of their stationery was unauthorized and unknown to them.

The Senatorship to be filled was in succession to Senator Nathan B. Scott. But shortly after the Legislature met, Stephen B. Elkins died, leaving a short term also to be filled. Chilton, adroit and ambidextrous, entered into a combination with Watson, whereby Watson was to finance the campaign, and Chilton was to conduct it.

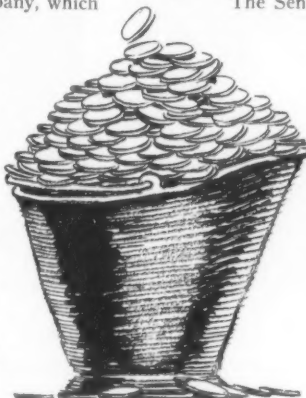
Chilton was a corporation lawyer and lobbyist. His firm was Chilton, MacCorkle & Chilton. They are attorneys in West Virginia for Standard Oil interests, the Bell Telephone, the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Pullman Palace Car Company, and other corporations, local and interstate. Their office is at Charleston, the capital, in the southern part of the State.



Senator William E. Chilton



Senator Clarence W. Watson



Chilton's partner, former Governor W. A. MacCorkle, was one of those who took part at the Baltimore Convention against Bryan's resolution demanding the exclusion of Thomas F. Ryan and August Belmont as delegates. MacCorkle told the convention that Bryan's resolution was "foolish and senseless." He was hissed shortly after at the West Virginia Democratic State Convention at Huntington. While Governor, MacCorkle opposed a tax against the Pullman Company, though he had recommended such a tax to the previous Legislature. After his retirement as Governor he became attorney for the Pullman Company. As Governor, he appointed Chilton Secretary of West Virginia. At the end of his term as Secretary of State Senator Chilton's accounts were short some \$28,000. The exact amount could not be ascertained by the accountant. To avoid prosecution, Chilton covered the amount mentioned into the State treasury.

Some idea of the rumors and the atmosphere in Charleston prior to the legislative caucus that nominated Watson and Chilton may be gathered from a letter written from Charleston at the time by a reliable citizen of West Virginia:

Watson, the Standard oil and gas companies, Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio, and Pennsylvania Railroad Companies are maintaining an immense lobby. We have positive information that \$150,000 was expended here last week for the purpose of corrupting the delegates. This information comes direct from such sources as render it absolutely reliable. . . . Evidence has come to light indicating that four delegates have

been approached: one offered \$5,000, one \$2,500, one to make his own figures, and one Senator offered \$10,000 and the attorneyship for the Consolidation Coal Company, Watson's company.

Senator R. F. Kidd was the oldest Senator in point of service, and one of the ablest. He was selected by the McGraw forces as their caucus leader, and so acted until he switched and, by his vote, nominated Watson.

"PULLING LEGS"

KIDD'S betrayal of McGraw was not the only one. The son of another member of the Legislature called his father on the long-distance phone just before the caucus ballot, and thereupon that member changed his vote. The son, who was not a four-figure man, later cashed a check for \$4,000.

Dr. Martin, a dentist and a friend of a member of the Legislature from Wetzel County, went down to the State capital, and, after the first week of the session, returned and deposited \$500 in gold certificates in his home bank. "Pulling teeth must be pretty good down at Charleston, Doc," banteringly said the cashier. "I'm not pulling teeth at Charleston," promptly answered the dentist; "I'm pulling legs"—and his veracity in this respect has never been questioned by the dentist's neighbors.

The Democratic caucus met on the night of January 18, 1911. After several ballots Watson was declared to be the choice of the caucus for the short term. He was nominated by one vote. Chilton was nominated by a majority of two votes for the long term.

L. J. Shock was a member of the House of Dele-

gates. On the afternoon of the caucus, in the presence of Judge W. G. Bennett of Lewis County and John J. Davis, a lawyer of long and honorable standing, father of John W. Davis, present Congressman from West Virginia, Shock made and reduced to writing a statement setting forth that one Hamrick of Clay County came to him in the Washington Hotel at Charleston, on the same day on which his statement was made, and gave him \$1,000 in \$20 bills, and agreed to pay him \$1,500 additional to vote for Chilton and Watson. Shock had with him the \$1,000, and the bills were counted in his presence by the gentlemen named and by Senator Fisher of Braxton County. Shock said he had been approached several days previously by a man by the name of Supler from Clarksburg, near Watson's country home, in relation to the purchase of his vote, and that he had communicated this fact at the time to Judge Bennett and others, and had been advised to follow the matter up and see what would come of it. This was corroborated by Judge Bennett. Shock said that Supler told him that Sam Stephenson of Charleston was to furnish the money. Shock had reported these approaches to his roommate at the time they were made. Shock was to vote for every motion made by ex-Governor MacCorkle, Chilton's partner, who was a member of the State Senate at the time, and for Watson and Chilton on every ballot. If the ballot was secret he was to show his prepared ballot to MacCorkle or to some other trusted supporter of Watson and Chilton.

Persistent rumors were in the air. There were stories of men paying off debts, of legislative members sending

(Concluded on page 20)

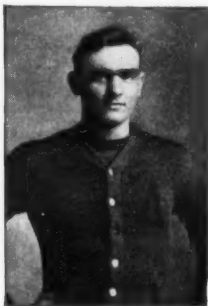
Gillem
End



T. Brown
Tackle



Burns
Guard



Adams
Center



Lambert
Guard



Barker
Tackle



Robinson
End



Collier's All-Southern Football Team

The Selection from the Great Universities of the South for the Season of 1912

By NATHAN P. STAUFFER

THE season of 1912 in Dixieland was remarkable for the small number of injuries; for the defeat of Vanderbilt, Dixie's 1911 champion, by Harvard; for the elimination of intersectional boundaries; for the absence of place kicks and the lessened number of forward passes; and for an undecided championship. The new rules eliminated all serious injuries, and the South, therefore, upholds the new rules emphatically. With the entrance of Texas into Southern intercollegiate ranks, through its meeting with Mississippi and Louisiana Universities, and with Virginia battling on Vanderbilt's field, we find breaks all along the intersectional boundaries.

For many years the football public has been confused while trying to unravel the boundary lines of these various Southern associations. The South Atlantic group of colleges, owing to proximity, has received most attention from the Northern papers. Virginia, Georgetown, Washington, D. C., and North Carolina and West Virginia are the leaders in this league. A much larger association is that known as the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, with twenty-some colleges from the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Florida. Its games and scores are comparatively unknown beyond the confines of these States. Still less is heard in the East, North, or extreme West of the large territory around the Gulf of Mexico, wherein Texas colleges have another association.

In the first year these boundaries are broken a confusion arises over a champion. Apparently Texas A. and M., Vanderbilt, Auburn, Georgia, Georgetown, Virginia, and Sewanee are the leaders. Texas

FIRST ELEVEN

End,	Gillem	of Sewanee	E. Brown	of Vanderbilt
Tackle,	T. Brown	" Vanderbilt	Bowler	" Texas A. & M.
Guard,	Burns	" Auburn	Peacock	" Georgia
Center,	Adams	" Mississippi	Morgan	" Vanderbilt
Guard,	Lambert	" Texas	Carter	" Virginia
Tackle,	Barker	" Mississippi	Lamb	" Auburn
End,	Robinson	" Auburn	Montgomery	" Texas
Quarter,	Costello	" Georgetown	Kern	" Texas A. & M.
Half Back,	Van de Graaff	" Alabama	Newell	" Auburn
Half Back,	Hardage	" Vanderbilt	McWhorter	" Georgia
Full Back,	Reule	" A. & M. Miss.	Vesmirovsky	" Texas A. & M.

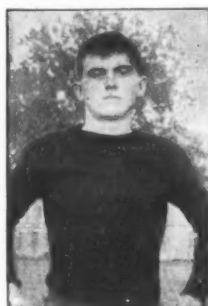
SECOND ELEVEN

Fresh from the Virginia triumph, Vanderbilt went 1,000 miles to challenge Harvard. All Southern sympathizers hoped Vanderbilt would extend Harvard's resources to the limit, many believing the fast-playing Southerners could win, but, alas, their hopes were vain. A comparison of Harvard's Vanderbilt and Yale games proves that the Crimson defeated Vanderbilt with two regulars and nine substitutes. Auburn husbanded its resources through the Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Carolina Clemson victories, hoping to win the laurel crown from Vanderbilt, and succeeded in tying. The score was 7 to 7. Five days later Auburn found it had overlooked the strength of Georgia, which, although beaten earlier in the season by Vanderbilt 46 to 0, presented a Thanksgiving 12 to 6 defeat to its ancient rival. On the same day Vanderbilt buried the clawing Sewanee Tigers 16 to 0.

The choice of players for the All-Southern team is a difficult task. For center, Adams (Mississippi), with his 6 feet 2 inches and 185 pounds of brawn, leads the field. Morgan (Vanderbilt), another giant of 6 feet 2 inches, unfortunately was handicapped by illness. Henderson (Georgia), another giant, was the bulwark of his team.

Among the guards, first choice falls upon Burns of Auburn and Lambert of Texas, with Peacock of Georgia and Carter of Virginia as the respective second choice.

Good tackles were plentiful. Barker (Mississippi) displayed a marked advance over his 1911 form, and gave a fine exhibition against Vanderbilt, saving Mississippi many points by his great defense. Brown (Vanderbilt) was a fine tackle, and Lamb of Auburn was another good tackle. So was Bowler of Texas.



Van de Graaff
Half Back



Hardage
Half Back



Reule
Full Back



Costello
Quarter

By MARK SULLIVAN

14

ON APPROVAL

A Christmas Story

By NEITH BOYCE

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

SIDE by side, on a bench in the waiting room of the big station in the heart of the city, sat a pretty young woman and a boy of ten. The young woman was dressed in a smartly fitting cloth suit and gay little hat, and a luxurious fur muff and scarf lay beside her on the seat, together with a small hand bag and a large lunch box. The boy was very plainly and cheaply, though warmly, clothed. One hand, in a red worsted mitten, rested on a straw suit case, which contained his entire worldly possessions.

The two had come early, for if they missed the train for which they were waiting they could not reach their destination that day, and it was important that they should do so. It was so important, in fact, that the pretty young woman had made a considerable sacrifice to that end.

"I hate to ask you to do it, Miss Wetherbee," the superintendent had said to her the day before, "but you know how it is at this time of year—everybody has their Christmas plans. I don't doubt you have, too, and it's hard, for you'll have to stay over the day up there so as to make the necessary inquiries. You understand that when people ask for a child of this age we have to be very careful, as they may want them for the work they can get out of them. Now these people make such a special point of the boy's getting there for Christmas that I want to manage it if possible. You see, it will be a more cheerful beginning for him, and as he has already been sent back from two places—"

Miss Wetherbee had hesitated. But in a moment she had said quietly: "I'll do it." Now, as she sat watching the rushing crowds, holiday bound, her face was soberly wistful. For the first time she would miss a Christmas at home—the gathering of the clans in the big house under the New England elms—the joyful turmoil, the streaming in and out of guests, neighbors, old friends, the big tree glittering up to the ceiling, the dinner, the dance.

Swiftly she dried her eyes, glancing at Gregory. But he had not noticed. He was busy observing the scene about him. His small figure was tensely quiet, his mouth firmly closed. He had not asked a single question. Miss Wetherbee reflected that for a troublesome boy—so reputed—he had been very little trouble to her, especially in comparison with other of her charges. More than once, in the course of her year's work as a humble substitute for the by no means infallible stork, she had paced the floor of this same station with a baby in arms loudly wailing. Gregory showed no such crude egotism. He had been disciplined by ten years of an institution.

THE announcement for which they were waiting, moaned out by the invisible megaphone, roused Miss Wetherbee from her reverie.

"Our train, Gregory," she said gently.

The boy started. Without a word he stood up, lifted his suit case, and followed her.

People were crowding into the day coach. Miss Wetherbee put Gregory into an aisle seat, with a cake of chocolate and a boys' magazine. He was, she had been told, fond of reading, and stood well in school. The people to whom he was going had asked for "a smart boy," but whether Gregory's kind of smartness would suit them was, of course, the question. They were stock farmers in the Massachusetts hills, whereas the two families who had previously tried to adopt Gregory had lived in small places in the suburbs, where he had promptly got into difficulties with the neighbors' chickens, fruit trees, and children. This was all Miss Wetherbee knew about him.

Presently the seat beside her was vacated, and she called Gregory and put him next the window. She noticed that neither the magazine nor the cake of chocolate had been touched. He gazed persistently out at the snowy landscape; but when Miss Wetherbee named to him the places they were passing and pointed out the Sound, he merely nodded in silence. After a time she gave up her attempt to talk to the back of his head and returned to her novel. But between her eyes and the printed page pictures kept slipping in—the big hall at home, the bustle of arrivals, laughing greetings, the yule log blazing in the chimney place, masses of holly against the white walls—and Somebody there, who was coming at her special invitation and who would be bitterly disappointed—and her new dress, a love of a pink chiffon dress with little rosebuds, in which she would have danced with Somebody. She could almost hear the thin, sweet, poignant music of the violins, the dreaming waltz that they had danced together only twice.

She had closed her eyes, the better to see and to hear. With a long sigh she opened them and looked fixedly at Gregory—at his cheek, which had the city pallor; at his narrow shoulders, tightly buttoned in a jacket that, though new, did not fit him very well. The institution always dressed its wards neatly—even the babies had pink or blue ribbons when they went forth to try their fates. But Gregory had been given a green necktie, and Miss Wetherbee knew in her soul that he would have preferred red. She had grown up with a large number of brothers, and they all had preferred red ties. But Gregory, of course, had to take what he could get. What he would like was, after all, a mystery, never having been much inquired into.

She said to him suddenly:

"Gregory, you didn't like those other places they sent you to, did you?"

He answered, with a shy movement of his shoulders: "No, there wasn't anything to do there."

"You don't know what a real farm is like. There'll be animals—horses and cows—and perhaps you can have some rabbits, and a dog that you can feed and take around with you."

GREGORY wriggled slightly without looking at her. And she could feel the small soul of him shrinking uneasily from any touch, preoccupied perhaps with vague recollections of the past and misgivings about the future. He was not going to commit himself as to what he would like. Miss Wetherbee looked at him pensively and forbore to press him. After all, she knew no more of what was awaiting him than he did, and it was no use drawing rosy pictures which might not be realized. She would have liked to say something to divert his mind, but nothing suggested itself at the moment. He reminded her of a small hermit

By the time they had eaten all the sandwiches and doughnuts, Miss Wetherbee felt that the hermit crab was edging out of its shell; or, rather, for Gregory was really not a crablike boy, it was as though some timid furry wild creature had been half won to confidence, looking at her speculatively with its big bright eyes, ready to scurry again at the first move.

"Put the rest of the apples in your suit case," said Miss Wetherbee when she had cleared away the crumbs and papers.

GREGORY opened his suit case and put the apples in. Miss Wetherbee had noticed that this ancient straw receptacle seemed already strained to bursting, and she now saw that it contained, besides some clothes, a couple of books, a bundle of newspaper comic supplements, a wooden boat, a baseball, several empty glass bottles and pieces of wood, and a mass of parti-colored string—the accumulated treasures of Gregory's youth.

They had to change cars several times, and once to wait for an hour at a junction. Each succeeding train was emptier, slower, and more full of coal dust than the last, and the last one of all was very cold. By now the short winter afternoon was nearly gone. They were climbing slowly, with much puffing and blowing of the old engine, up into the high hills, covered by an almost unbroken sheet of snow. The outlook from the grimy windows was very beautiful, but Miss Wetherbee shivered in her furs and Gregory in his overcoat. In the single passenger car was a merry party—father, mother, and six children—going back, so they told Miss Wetherbee, to the old home for Christmas. The two boys made overtures to the solemn Gregory, and they raced up and down the aisle; the four girls sang lively songs; the conductor lounged by the stove and joined in the cheerful chatter of the elders. Then, at the last station but one, all these people got out and were received with shouts of welcome; and the conductor helped to transport their baggage to the two big waiting sleighs and waved them farewell, and then came leisurely back and shouted "All aboard."

And the engine shrieked and groaned and clanked and slowly got into motion again.

"Only twenty minutes more now, Gregory," said Miss Wetherbee.

Gregory nodded soberly.

A SUNSET of scarlet and purple flamed over the snowy hills. The conductor came in, slamming the door and stamping his feet, and lit the swinging oil lamp in the middle of the car.

"Fine Christmas weather—must be pretty close to zero," he said amiably. "Next station's yours."

"Don't you want to eat an apple before we get off, Gregory?" asked Miss Wetherbee. "We have a pretty long drive still."

Gregory shook his head and said he wasn't hungry.

"I thought boys were always hungry," said Miss Wetherbee with an attempt at lightness.

Gregory did not respond. He was visibly nervous. The last twenty minutes seemed endless. They were both tired and cold. The car rocked roughly.

The oil lamp smoked and swung, sending flickering lights and shadows over the rows of empty seats.

Miss Wetherbee stretched her cramped muscles and stamped her feet. She wanted to say something reassuring, but instead she felt that she shared Gregory's panic. Yes, he was frightened, and so was she, now that the end of their journey was in sight. The end was the beginning for Gregory. Once more he was to be cast into the bosom of a strange family, and perhaps he would get on and perhaps he wouldn't. This rather elderly couple might not take to him. After a critical inspection and a trial of his abilities, they might want to exchange him again. And perhaps he wouldn't like them. Poor Gregory! He hadn't anything special to recommend him. He wasn't handsome, he hadn't a winning manner, he displayed no striking intelligence. He was just a plain boy. He was a boy that nobody had wanted so far, neither the people who had brought him into the world nor any others. He seemed to be aware of this, and to be feebly and forlornly on the



The engine shrieked and groaned and clanked and slowly got into motion again. "Only twenty minutes more now, Gregory," said Miss Wetherbee

crab retreating into the inmost recess of its shell and tucking even its toes in. She had an idea, likewise, that he was not very far from tears and that he would hate to have to cry before her. Gregory had never been esteemed a soft boy, having indeed been rejected as "tough" by both those pairs of tentative foster parents.

After a little she looked at her watch.

"Twelve o'clock! I'm hungry, and we have to change cars in forty minutes. Shall we eat our lunch?"

Gregory cheered up at this, and helped to arrange the contents of the lunch box on the empty seat opposite, and even smiled as he contemplated the various sandwiches, the doughnuts, and the large red apples. He showed keen interest also in the Thermos bottle which Miss Wetherbee took out of her bag, and wanted the mystery of the hot cocoa explained to him in detail.

defensive more than ever now that the moment of meeting was at hand. He shrank into a corner of the seat, staring out of the blank window.

"King-ston!" shouted the conductor as the engine slowed down and whistled. He flung open the door, and the car, sliding and clanking, came to a stop.

"Here we are!" cried Miss Wetherbee with choking cheerfulness.

She took her bag and Gregory followed with his suit case. They stepped out upon an empty snowy platform. A keen, pure wind was blowing from the white summits above them. The sky was still faintly colored with the sunset red, but it was almost dark. Lights twinkled from a few buildings near by. There was no one in sight.

"Expectin' somebody to meet ye?" asked the conductor kindly. "Or did ye count on gittin' a sleigh? Too cold to wait here—better go over there to Holcomb's store, mebber they can tell ye."

ACROSS the puffing of the wheezy engine came a silver tingle of sleigh bells, distant up the deep-furrowed snowy road that wound into the deeper shadow of the hills.

"Somebody comin'—guess it's your folks—well, good-by," said the conductor heartily. "All aboard—"

The engine, with a shrill scream, pulled out into the twilight.

"I think we'd better wait here a few minutes—Mr. Bassett was to meet us," said Miss Wetherbee, shivering.

Gregory said nothing.

They waited while the chime of the bells grew louder out of the darkness, approaching fast, tinkling, silver sweet, the song of the crisp, pure winter night.

A two-horse sleigh dashed out into the open space and pulled up beside the platform with a loud "Whoa, boy!" and a clash of the bells over the smoking horses. A stout figure in a furry coat and cap leaped out, holding the reins in one hand, peering through the dusk.

"You're my folks, ain't ye?" cried the big voice. "My name's Bassett. Yes, yes! I started time enough, only I had to break a road—drifts four feet deep some places! Still, I thought I'd 'a' got here before the train—she's gen'ally some late—but, of course, the old girl had to be on time to-day, an' I heard her whistle a piece up the road. But jump in, jump in! You must be half froze! You're Miss—Miss—there, if I ain't forgot your name in the telegram!"

A fur-mittened hand seized Miss Wetherbee's and helped her into the sleigh.

"And here's Gregory! Boy, I'm glad to see ye!" said the hearty voice. "In you go!"

They settled into one buffalo robe and another was flung up over them and carefully tucked in.

"You'll find some hot bricks—that is, they *was* hot—for your feet," shouted Mr. Bassett as he climbed to his seat. "Now, I'll just put along. The old lady'll be hangin' out of the window, lookin' for us. She wanted to start me off an hour before I come, but, says I, don't you worry, I'll get there on time. Cuddle down in there, it's some cold, an' we've got pretty near an hour's drive—"

He shouted over his shoulder some further remarks, but the clash of the bells rang out loudly, and the rush of the wind seemed to bite the words from his lips. The two horses sprang forward at a fast trot that at moments broke into a gallop; the sleigh slipped, creaking, over the snow. The road dipped into the shadow of the hills and wound upward. The sky above was a clear greenish blue, and presently a bright half moon rose over the hilltops. The night was white and softly luminous and sparkling. Miss Wetherbee, nestled under the furry robe, with her feet in the straw against the hot bricks, fell into a dreamy doze. Once she bestirred herself and asked: "Gregory, are you warm?"

"Yes," said a sleepy voice.

NOW and then Bassett turned to shout: "Pretty night, ain't it? But cold. Won't be long now. Get along, boys!"

They climbed higher and higher, and the country spread out below them in great white rolling stretches, broken by sharp shadows. There was silence, except for the snorting of the horses and the sweet chatter of the bells.

Miss Wetherbee woke with a start. A dog was barking, a bright golden light streamed over the snow, the

sleigh stopped suddenly. Half dazed, she found herself stumbling up the steps of the house. In the open door stood a tall woman, who welcomed her and then Gregory in a deep, quiet, bass voice, with a firm handshake. The room into which she led them seemed a blaze of light. A roaring fire burned in an open stove, and two pink-shaded lamps stood on the table.

"Take off your wraps now," said the bass voice. "You must be about frozen—and starved, too. Supper's ready as soon as father puts up the team—he always will do that himself. Would you like to go up to your rooms first?"

"Yes, please; we're covered with coal dust!" said Miss Wetherbee.

The tall old woman—she had gray hair and blue eyes, and wore a blue dress and a large white apron—smiled down at her, and led the way up the steep, narrow stairs. In the hall above another stove burned. Four small white bedrooms opened off the hall.

"If you'll leave your doors open you'll be plenty warm," said Mrs. Bassett. "There's nobody else up here. Father an' I sleep downstairs. You'll find warm water in your pitchers." She hesitated a moment at the door of the boy's room after lighting his candle. "Can I help you, Gregory?" she asked.

"No," said Gregory, shyly.

Before they were ready there was a clatter at the door below, and it opened to let in a great waft of cold air and a cheerful shout and stamping of feet and

At this stroke of wit Gregory, with his mouth full of chicken, laughed outright and nearly choked. It was the first time Miss Wetherbee had heard him laugh.

Mrs. Bassett said placidly:

"Well, I've raised six boys, but I've about given up this one," nodding at her husband. "I guess he'll never grow up."

"Never you mind," said Mr. Bassett, "I've got somebody to hang up my stockin' with now. Me an' Towser have had a pretty lonesome time of it lately, bein' the only young things round the farm, unless you count the live stock. But cheer up, Towser! there's three of us now!"

The dog, a shaggy-haired terrier, looked up at Mr. Bassett and thumped the floor heavily with his tail. Hearing his name, he sat up solemnly, with his forepaws in the air. Mr. Bassett put a bit of biscuit on his nose and counted: "One—two—three—go!" The dog tossed the biscuit up, caught it in his mouth, and swallowed it. Gregory laughed again.

MRS. BASSETT watched him with her calm blue eyes. Turning to Miss Wetherbee, she said in her deep voice:

"It didn't seem as if we could go through another Christmas without a boy in the house. When you've had six clattering an' whistling about, in an' out, mother this an' mother that, you just can't settle down to live in an empty house. The last one was married 'a year ago an' went to California. That's the worst of it, they all live so far away. I've got grandchildren, but I scarcely ever see 'em. And this year, it so happens, that not one of 'em could come. I'm obliged to you for bringin' Gregory to us. It's a long journey. You're younger than I thought you would be. Why, you ain't but a girl yourself!"

"Well, mother, what's the harm of that?" chirruped Mr. Bassett. "I like her all the better for it. Give us another cup of coffee. And I guess Gregory'll take another glass of milk. Have some more cake, son?"

Gregory shook his head. He had eaten his fill. The warmth of the room after the long ride overcame him. His eyelids fluttered drowsily. Now and then he opened his eyes and fixed them on Mr. Bassett, who filled

and lit a slimy dark pipe and chattered away about his stock—Jerseys, Orpingtons, the colt, etc.

Finally he got up with a clatter and asked for his lantern. "Always go the rounds myself last thing," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and running his broad, blackened thumb over its glossy bowl.

"Hello, the kid's asleep!"

Gregory's head was tilted uncomfortably against the back of his chair. He looked younger with the long dark lashes lying on his flushed cheeks. The three looked at him for a moment in silence.

"Nice boy," said Mr. Bassett.

"So are all boys," said Mrs. Bassett calmly, rising. "I never see a boy that wasn't nice if you treated him right. Now we must get him to bed. He's tired out. Come, Gregory!"

"Don't forget to hang up your stockin', son!" called Mr. Bassett, putting on his furry coat.

Gregory stumbled sleepily up the stairs and Miss Wetherbee helped him undress, and fastened a stocking to the foot of his bed. By this time his dark eyes were wide open.

"Do you want anything else?" she asked.

"No."

"Shall I blow out your candle?"

"No—I'll blow it out."

"Will you kiss me good night, Gregory?"

He kissed her cheek awkwardly, his slender body rigid against her arm.

Mrs. Bassett came to the door and said gently: "Good night, Gregory."

"Good night," he answered.

THEN they went downstairs, and Miss Wetherbee helped Mrs. Bassett to clear the table and wash the dishes.

"I have a girl to help me, but she's gone home for Christmas. I'll be bound you've missed your holiday coming up with the boy. It was good of you," said Mrs. Bassett. "How did you happen to do it?"

Miss Wetherbee explained, and they talked about her work and the children. She told all she knew about

(Concluded on page 98)



"Me an' Towser have had a pretty lonesome time of it lately, bein' the only young things round the farm, unless you count the live stock"

a scurrying, barking dog. Mr. Bassett's loud voice filled the house. They went down to find him standing before the fire—a short, broad man with a red face, a bush of white beard and hair, and merry eyes.

"Father Christmas!" cried Miss Wetherbee.

"That's me!" he shouted, jovially. "Got my red suit an' pack in the next room! Come—draw up, folks, and eat a bite. Get away, Towser! He won't bite, sonny; he just wants to see what you look like. Young lady, you sit here, by me—I always like to get next to the pretty girls! Son, this is your place, t'other side of me. Well, mother! ain't we going to eat to-night?"

MRS. BASSETT came in from the kitchen with a smoking dish in her hands.

"Sit down, all. Stop your nonsense, father," she said, indulgently. The merry old man seemed like a boy beside her, and Gregory contemplated him solemnly. Gregory had washed his hands and his face as far as the ears. His wrists and neck still showed the grime of the journey. His dark eyes blinked. He was so fascinated by the appearance and conversation of Mr. Bassett that he had forgotten his self-consciousness.

"Well, mother!" said the farmer in a tone of disappointment as he tucked his napkin under his white beard, "is this all you got for us? Guess you forgot you had a boy to provide for, or you wouldn't 'a' skimped us this way. Dear, dear! Son, you'll have to try to make out on this fried chicken—here you are, breast an' drumstick—an' a dozen or so o' them beaten biscuit, an' sort of fill up on preserves—them peaches is pretty fair, or mebber you'd like the pears better—an' that chocolate cake'll help out a little. This punkin pie's fillin', too, an' about a plateful of them cookies won't come amiss. Well, we mustn't be too hard on mother—she means well, an' it's good enough what there is of it—or, as ye might say, there's enough, such as it is—hey?"

THE DUMMY

Another of the Adventures
of Detective Barney

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh



BARNEY COOK entered the operatives' room of the Babbing Bureau twenty minutes late, and one of the detectives, at a typewriter desk, said: "The chief wants to see you."

His tone was ominous. Barney looked up guiltily at the clock.

He had been given a holiday on the previous day and told to "rest up" after his exploit in the Catskills. He had taken his rest on the streets, and at the moving picture shows. At night he had gone to a vaudeville theatre with two of his old "gang." It had "leaked" to them that he was a detective—a fact which should have been kept a professional secret. He had been posing and strutting in their eyes till after midnight. And he had overslept.

He saw all these damning facts, as the accusing explanation of his lateness, while he was still confronting the face of the clock. Consequently, he asked the detective, with a schoolboy air of innocence: "What's he want to see me about?"

He was leading up to a preliminary rehearsal of his interview with Babbing. The man paused in his typewriting long enough to verify the last word that he had written; then he went on again, impatiently; and Barney was left to face Babbing, and the score of his delinquencies, with no defense but the open countenance of virtue.

HE WENT, but he went unconfident.

He had always been able to invent explanations and excuses that would pass muster in the schoolroom; and he had had a boy's contempt for the gullibility of his elders; but Babbing had given him more respect for adult perspicacity. He could never tell how much Babbing knew; and he found it impossible to lie with assurance among the covered pitfalls of Babbing's inquiring silences.

Of course, he could say that his mother had told Mrs. Cooper, next door, that he was working in the Babbing Bureau; and Mrs. Cooper had told her son "Dummy"; and Dummy had told everybody. And he had gone to the vaudeville show to get away from the curiosity of the neighborhood. And he was late getting down to the office because a bunch of fellows had been laying for him outside, and he had hung around, inside, waiting for them to go away, and—

Babbing was busy at his desk. He asked, unexpectedly: "Who was that you were talking with—on the corner—as I came in?"

It had been "Dummy" Cooper. Barney had to admit as much.

"He's deaf and dumb, is he?"

Barney hesitated. His story had cast Dummy Cooper for the part of village gossip. "Yes, 'r," he confessed reluctantly.

Babbing looked over his spectacles at him. "You can talk—on your fingers—pretty fluently?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what's the matter?" Babbing asked. "Who is this Dummy Cooper?"

"No one. He's just the fullah that lives next door 'r' us."

Babbing said, into an office telephone: "Bring me the file on the Hart gang." He pressed a call button to summon his office manager. He remarked, aside to Barney: "I don't know what you're trying to conceal—Is it anything important?"

"No, sir," the ingenuous Barney answered.

"All right. Save yourself the trouble of looking so innocent, then. Sit down."

HE GREETED the reverend gray hairs of his office manager with: "Arch, I've got an idea for that Meredith disappearance. The woman who kept the lodging house at number 125 was a Mrs. Andrews, wasn't she?"

"That," Archibald said, "I have forgotten."

"Well, look it up. And have Billy type her a letter on our Wallbridge Chicago letterhead, introducing me as Adam Cook. Something like this: 'Dear Madam: I am giving this letter to an old friend, Mr. Adam Cook, who expects to be in New York for some months on business and wishes to get comfortable, private rooms for self and son. Anything that you can do for him will be much appreciated by Yours truly—' and have him sign it Charles J. Wallbridge. Date it back about ten days. And when he's typing it,

have him put a 6 on top of the 5 in 125. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Good. What are we using room 1047 for?"

"I think it's disengaged."

"Clear it out and fix it up for me as Adam Cook. I'll promote that tunneling machine again. Get the model in there, and the blue prints, and put Clara in charge. Be sure to have everything right, now. I'll move in this afternoon, and I expect they'll start to check me up right away. We don't want any holes in our cover."

"I'll attend to it."

"And have the name painted on the door."

A clerk had entered with a file of typewritten reports in a loose-leaf binder. Babbing had taken it while he was still talking to Archibald; and he turned over the pages rapidly as he talked. "That's right," he said. "She's a Mrs. Josiah Andrews at number 125. Go ahead."

Archibald went out softly, after the clerk; and Barney, having caught something that concerned the name of Cook in these preparations for a plant, waited on the edge of his chair in guilty suspense. Babbing continued to read.

"Well, Barney," he said, still reading, "you'd better get it off your mind, hadn't you?"

"What?"

"Whatever it is that's bothering you. I haven't time to put you through the third degree. Come on. Give it up."

Barney grinned sheepishly. "Dummy knows I'm a—He knows I'm workin' here."

"And all the rest of your friends, eh?"

"Yes, 'r."

"Huh! You'll meet that on the street some day, when you least expect it. Go on."

Barney balked, silent.

"For instance," Babbing suggested, "you haven't told me that you didn't want to give up young Whately when you found him at Langston's. Have you?" He swung around in his swivel chair. "Eh?"

Barney shook his head.

BABGING rose. "Well," he said, walking up and down in a meditative promenade, "we'd better clear that up. If you're going to be a detective, you'll have that sort of job turning up every other day. You're next thing to a public hangman. And you've got to make up your mind to do your duty whether you like it or not."

He stopped to look out the window, at the roofs below; and his point of view broadened accordingly. "The morals of the situation are rather mixed. Society—people—the human family—have decided that if they're to live together they mustn't kill, or steal from, or otherwise injure one another. They have made laws against these acts. And they punish the man or woman who breaks the laws. In case of war, of course, killing and stealing are permitted by one branch of the family against another branch. But in time of peace, the officers of the law, as agents of society, are the only ones allowed to kill or otherwise injure their fellows. And then only in defense of society." He turned on Barney. "Do you understand?"

Barney said he did.

"Well, then"—he came forward—"as a detective, you're allowed to do a great many things that would be punished in the private individual. You're expected to swindle, and steal from, and lie to, and betray the enemies of society in any way you can, in order to defeat them and defend society. It's your duty to do it, and do it diligently. If you don't you're as bad as the criminal. And that's the only moral law that binds you, professionally."

"But, in your private life"—he wagged an emphatic forefinger—"you're bound by all the moralities that bind everyone else. And in your dealings with me, you have to be an honest employee, or take the consequences. When I send you out to get a man, you're a crook if you don't use every means to bring him in, no matter what sympathy you feel for him or his mother or his sweetheart or anyone else. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good." He went back to his desk. "I'm telling you this because I have a job for you that I don't want any fumbling on. I'm going to plant you as a

deaf mute, with this Hart gang. You'll have to be prepared with a trunk and a hand bag full of good clothes. Corcoran'll go with you to see that you get them right. I'll give him instructions. He'll take you—and your baggage—to rooms that I'll engage for us at the Hotel Haarlem. I'll pick you up there, as soon as you're fixed, and explain matters to you as we go along." He took his office phone: "Get Corcoran in here right away." As he returned to his study of the Hart file, he said to Barney: "You can practice being deaf and dumb till he comes."

Barney grinned at this pleasantry as cheerfully as a dog wags its tail when the voice of authority turns from reproof to forgiveness. He had not altogether understood Babbing's lecture upon the morals of his profession; the young savage in him had not yet been sufficiently civilized to make him sensible of any social compact with his fellows. But he had the instinct of personal loyalty that keeps his people clannish; and he accepted Babbing's scolding, without ill will, humbly, as a deserved rebuke of bad faith.

He accepted it, also, as a proof of Babbing's interest. It had been his experience that all his elders, who liked him, showed their affection by admonishment; and he was aware, from Babbing's manner, that he had made himself solid, as he would say, with the chief. Moreover, he was going out on another case as a deaf mute! He was likely to have some fun! And if anyone could expect a boy to reflect upon the moral aspects of anything under such circumstances—

CORCORAN arrived in due course, silent, noncommittal, with his hat on the back of his head, looking like a newspaper man on the sporting page. When he had received his instructions, he said "Come on, kid," slightly, and he let Barney trot along behind him to the elevator. "Going to put you out as a dummy, eh?" He pressed the signal button. "I suppose you'll be able to get away with that, if you keep your mouth shut."

His manner was contemptuous. Barney had not forgotten their first experience together and Corcoran's disgust at "this kid business." He touched the detective's elbow mutely, and began to spell out a reply on his fingers.

"Aw, can that," Corcoran said. He did not know the deaf and dumb alphabet, and it annoyed him.

Barney lifted his eyebrows, frowned, flickered eloquently with his hands, pointed at Corcoran, repeated his pantomime, and ended with his eyebrows up again.

Corcoran said: "What the hell's the matter with you?"

Barney pointed to his mouth and to his ears, shook his head and launched into another gravely impudent communication. "I'll chuck you down the elevator shaft in a minute," Corcoran growled.

Barney spelled out on his fingers: "Yes, you will, you big stiff." And it was evident from his face that he was making an insulting reply.

Corcoran flushed and swore at him. Barney grinned. In the elevator cage he spelled out: "I've got your goat."

And he had. By the time they arrived at the Hotel Haarlem—with an auto full of purchases for Barney's new rôle—Corcoran was in a speechless rage, and Barney, still consistently deaf and dumb, was enjoying himself like a young imp.

"G—," Corcoran said, through his teeth, "I hope this Hart gang cuts your throat. They'll do it, too, if they get half a chance."

IT WAS late in the afternoon when Adam Cook, accompanied by his afflicted son, descended from a taxicab in front of number 126, rang the bell, and asked to see the mistress of the house. A discouraged-looking maid ushered them grudgingly into the parlor and left them there—in a room that apparently had been outfitted second-hand from all the discarded reps and plushes of all the defunct boarding houses of the last generation.

Barney looked around him and was disappointed. Corcoran's prediction that the Hart gang would cut his throat if they got "half a chance" had given him a promise of excitement; and Babbing had indorsed the

promise with a further warning in the taxicab. "These people," he had said, "are professional criminals. You can't get past them with any mistakes, mind you. They're dangerous. If they suspect you're after them, they're deadly. They'll kill to get free. You'll have to watch out." Consequently, Barney had entered the room with the feeling that he was about to penetrate a bandit's lair.

AND there was an old upright piano, very yellow in the teeth—against a wall paper of faded violets on faded pink—under a steel engraving of Lincoln's cabinet, in a black frame. Between the lace curtains of the front windows a sheaf of dusty pampas plumes preserved themselves aridly in a Japanese bronze vase of chipped plaster. The carpet had footpaths worn threadbare in its design. No two chairs were mates. They looked as if they had never had mates—determined spinsters that age had only hardened. Shabby gentility in a room could go no further without being mellowed into pathos. Commonplace!

Babbing twinkled at it. He pointed Barney to a chair and waited, standing. At the sound of a footstep in the hall, he faced the door—a mild-mannered, mild-eyed widower, accustomed to courtesy and evidently able to buy it.

The mistress of the house proved to be one of those lean and angular women who dress and pipe-clay themselves to a military rigidity, with a high collar, a stiff belt, false hair, talcum powder, tight lacing and hard padding. Her features were large—all but her eyes, which were black and beady. No one could doubt her evident respectability. She even looked as if she suffered from indigestion. And the sight of her dampened the last impatience of Barney's expectation. Like a boy who has come to see melodrama and finds himself fubbed off with expository dialogue, he settled down on himself to wait for the action to begin.

Babbing had said to him: "You'll have to look half-witted—simple—dotty. Understand?" No difficulty about that. He knew her sort. He had listened to one like her talking to his mother once till his legs went to sleep. She was a bore.

SHE acknowledged Babbing's greeting as inhospitably as a hired housekeeper, and he explained that he was Adam Cook, from Chicago, now living at the Hotel Haarlem, but looking for rooms for himself and his young son, in some respectable house in which he could leave the boy safely while he was away at his office. "I have a letter of introduction to you, m'am," he said; and he laid down his hat, got out his glasses, put them on, took them off to polish them, put them on again, and began to search through his many pockets—and the many papers in them—for the letter.

Meanwhile he did not interrupt his explanation. His son, he confided, was deaf and dumb, and they had come to New York to have him taught lip reading at the Deaf and Dumb Institute. He had transferred his business from Chicago and opened offices in the Cranmer Building, but he had found it impossible to leave the boy alone in a hotel, even though he had engaged a young woman from the Institute to come to their rooms every morning to give him instruction in lip reading. The boy, to tell the truth, was backward. Of course, Naturally.

Barney looked it. He was regarding the poses of Lincoln's cabinet with a dull endurance.

Still in pursuit of the letter, Babbing had taken out his pocketbook, and in searching through it he spilled out a number of hundred dollar bills on the floor. She instantly unbent at sight of them, and helped him pick them up, in spite of his polite remonstrances. He was very fussily annoyed by his own clumsiness, and he crammed the bills into his trousers pocket with no appearance of respect for their value.

She asked: "Won't you sit down, Mr. Cook? You say you have a letter of introduction to me?"

"I have, m'am," he said, "if I can find it."

"From whom?"

"From your friend Mr. Wallbridge." He was going through the envelopes from his breast pocket for the second time.

"Wallbridge?"

"Of Chicago. Charles J. Wallbridge. Yes, 'm."

She seemed puzzled. "I don't—recall the name."

"Here! I have it." He handed the letter to her with an air of triumph.

She read it. She reread it. And it was evident,

during the second reading, that she was making up her mind what to do. Babbing watched her over his benevolent spectacles. When she raised her eyes to his, she smiled in the way that is called "fetching"—when it succeeds.

"My name is Mrs. Hart," she said. "This is for a Mrs. Andrews, who has a lodging house across the street." And her tone in reference to Mrs. Andrews and the "lodging house" was slighting.

Babbing stammered: "Am I— Have I— Across the street, m'am?"

"At one-twenty-five."

"But—"

She pointed to the street number in the superscription of the letter. "It's the fault of the typewriter, you see. There's both a five and a six."

One glance satisfied Babbing that it was even so. He plucked off his spectacles, distressed, and apologetic. "I beg your pardon, Mrs.—"

"Hart."

"Mrs. Hart, I beg your pardon. I've been wasting your time. I've intruded on—"

"Not at all," she interrupted, with formal politeness. "I'm glad to have met you. I do not rent rooms, of course. This is a private residence. My son and his wife live here with me, and we rent our top floor to some young men—business men—who are friends of my son's. But—"

BABGING was not listening. He looked around him as if he were rather lost. "Across the— But that's the north side, isn't it? And I particularly wanted a back room that would be sunny." He appealed to her in a manner of bewildered helplessness.

"Mr. Cook—" she hesitated—"I don't know who the gentleman is who has referred you to that house, but I do know—"

He broke in, uneasily: "Wallbridge? He's a stock broker, m'am. I don't know him very well, except in a business way."

She nodded several times, compressing her lips.

"Do you mean—" he asked, alarmed.

"Your son," she said, "would need to be not only deaf but blind!"

They both glanced at Barney. He had been sitting in his chair by the window, playing a game with himself. He had been trying to imagine that he could not hear what they were saying; and there were moments when he almost succeeded. As a natural consequence of this

When they turned to him they found him observing them with a mute and glassy stare



division in his mind, his eyes found that both Babbing and she looked strange. Her nose was grotesquely large, and it showed purplish through her face powder. Babbing was small and fat and funny. She simpered. Babbing watched her as if he were hypnotized. They moved, unexpectedly, like a pair of marionettes.

When they turned to him they found him observing them with a mute and glassy stare. They went on with their palaver. Barney began to find it tedious.

MRS. HART was taking a charitable interest in their housing problem, and Babbing's vague and rambling impracticality encouraged her to advise him. He was a stranger to New York. He did not know whether it would be possible to get two large rooms, with bath, in a private family, no matter what one paid for them. He did not care to go to a boarding house. New York, he knew, was not like Chicago; people were less friendly; they were more suspicious of strangers;

they would not admit you to their family circle so readily.

He would like to get rooms in this quarter, because it was so convenient to the Institute. He liked these old-fashioned houses; they were so homelike. The high ceilings made them cool. Lots of air. And the big windows. And the walls, being thick, made the rooms quiet. Very different from a hotel. Even in the Haarlem, where he was paying seventy-five dollars a week, he had none of the real comforts of quiet and privacy. His tastes were simple. He did not care for show.

And so forth.

MRS. HART took him to see the large room behind the parlor—which she herself was occupying—as an example of the sort of room that he ought to try to get. And when they returned to Barney, they were already arranging the terms on which Babbing could rent that room from her, and the small bedroom behind it. It was exactly what he wanted. And would she mind if he put some of his own furniture into it, as soon as he could get it sent from Chicago? He liked to have his things about him. They had associations.

She understood that. Her son was always at her to get rid of her old trash, as he called it, but she could not bear to part with it.

Barney swallowed a yawn.

They were having a very genial, chatty time together, though Babbing confessed that he was worried about Mrs. Andrews and his friendly obligation to deliver Wallbridge's letter. It was at last decided that he should cross the street and present his introduction, look at the rooms offered to him, and decide against them. Then he could return to the hotel, have their baggage brought to Mrs. Hart's next day, and move that evening into her charming apartment.

He paid her fifty dollars in advance for two weeks' rent. She patted Barney on the back as they went to the door, and babied him ingratiatingly; he remained stolid without any effort. She even shook hands with him on the threshold; and she had a large-wristed, bony, cold hand that made him think of pickled pig's feet.

"You are fond of children, m'am," Babbing said.

She had to admit it; and Babbing took his leave in the subdued grateful manner of a widower who has been rescued from perplexities by a woman's instinctive sympathy for the unmanaged male.

He put Barney in the cab and left him there while he went to present his letter to Mrs. Andrews. And, of course, he did not present it, although he took it from his pocket while he was standing at the door, and entered carrying it in his hand. He merely asked to see the furnished room that was advertised for rent by a printed card on the door jamb; and he found this room not at all to his liking.

WHEN he returned to Barney and they started back to the hotel, he preserved a thoughtful silence. "I don't know whether we can get away with it or not," he said, at last. "She plays a great game."

"What do I have to do next?" Barney asked, expectantly.

"Nothing but keep your mouth shut," he replied. "If there's anything going to be done, she'll do it."

Barney had been relieved to escape from the sight of her. He did not relish the prospect of returning. He said, disparagingly: "What do you want her for?"

And Babbing answered: "The less you know about that, the better. Give me the deaf and dumb alphabet. I'll have to work that up. We've got to be thorough on this job, or we'll find ourselves in a hole."

It was this thoroughness, finally, that brought Barney back to a sense of pleasurable excitement in the plan. Not only did Babbing "work up" the deaf and dumb alphabet. He coached Barney on the details of their life in Chicago, the death of his mother there, and the imaginary incidents of his kidnaping, some years before. He took all the New York labels from his own clothes and from Barney's. He had Corcoran buy some well-thumbed second-hand picture books, and he wrote in them: "To Barney, from his affectionate Papa." He filled his pockets with fraudulent letters addressed to Adam Cook about his tunneling machine; and he saw that there was nothing suspicious in Barney's possession.

"Now," he said, on their way to the house, "don't ever sit with your back to the door. Don't go to sleep until you're sure that your window and your door

The Divine Sarah in Vaudeville



By PERCY HAMMOND

A DETAILED report of Madame Bernhardt's first American performance in vaudeville should run something like this: After the stage hands at the Majestic Theatre, Chicago, had swept away the debris caused by the preceding song and dance exhibition, the band, with some impressiveness, played the "Marseillaise" over and over again, and then the curtain went up on a Reinhardtian suggestion of the ducal palace of Ferrara, the entertainment being the third act of "Lucrezia Borgia." After the Duke d'Este had intimated his suspicion that Lucrezia, his wife, was overfond of the youth, Gennaro (one of the skeletons in the Borgian closet), Madame Sarah entered a bit wearily, and leaned upon the arm of that none too ducal throne. The Middle West arose to the event rather conventionally, applauding, perhaps, about half as much as the vaudeville audience applauds Miss Eva Tanguay on her first appearance. The audience was fifty per cent a vaudeville audience and fifty per cent a non-theatregoing audience. The vaudeville half of it was chill—Bernhardt and Victor Hugo meaning little in its plan of amusement. The prices had been raised a trifle, and it was thought by the regular contingent that Madame Bernhardt should provide in the way of diversion something more than the glamour of her name.

Well, Kronos was not particularly abashed when Madame Sarah came into view, and raised the golden voice in flaming accents of Borgian passion. Madame Sarah makes no secret of the fact that she is nine-and-

sixty, and neither do her perruquier and her costumier. She is nine-and-sixty, and, with allowances for certain dissembling arts, she looks it. Rather pathetic is her clinging to the scenery, though, to those whose French is timid, her chant and intonations are as rhythmic, her rapid patter as helter-skelter, and her short, sharp, metallic strokes in diction as effective as they ever have been.

This is no veteran lagging superfluous, but a green old age, unconscious, or at least indifferent, of decays. The vaudeville audience is not a tender one and veneration is not among its characteristics. But it is very quiet while Madame Bernhardt performs, except when she becomes violent in her elocution, and then it applauds. It applauds, in fact, every bit of stormy recitation, outbursts being a safe hint for appreciation of acting in an alien tongue.

Still, it is a candid and honest audience. The youth in white flannels who precedes Madame Bernhardt sings a song thus: "Tune Time, June Time, Moon Time, Spoon Time"; and the applause bestowed upon this minstrel is twice as loud and long as that vouchsafed Madame Sarah.

Madame Bernhardt appears twice a day without much apparent discomfort. She skims deftly over the more vehement emotions, and after dashing the *louis d'or* in Armand's face in "Camille," for instance, she returns

with tranquillity at once to the wings, and the eating of an apple or the manicuring of her nails. She finds it easy to dispel precipitately the histrionic moods. The outcries of Sardou are to her nothing more than the outcries of Sardou. Even the yellow drama of her son Maurice, "A Christmas Night Under the Terror," results in no particular aftermath off stage. Hovering around her dressing room (a modest compartment in the Majestic Theatre) are a physician, a valet, a masseuse, three maids, a secretary, a personal representative, an interpreter, and a treasurer. This last named functionary seems to be fully as important as any of the others. At the risk of being iconoclastic, it may be reported that ere the tumult and the shouting dies, Madame Sarah's eager hands are pleasantly outstretched for her daily wage, which is paid to her each evening in fresh \$100 bills. A crease in one of them is enough to cause its rejection.

The emoluments of vaudeville is a precarious topic, if there be enjoyment in accuracy. But it appears that the overlords of vaudeville disburse \$10,000 per week in behalf of this "act," that sum including the salaries of her twenty-six players and their transportation between engagements.

Miss Ethel Barrymore played "The Twelve-Pound Look" at a rival vaudeville theatre in Chicago during the Bernhardt engagement, and the line in front of that box office was by actual measurement fully as long as that on the threshold of her sister artist.



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The Case of West Virginia

(Concluded from page 13)

home valuable presents. One witness averred that, being an intimate friend of a certain member of the Legislature, he had walked into the hotel room of his legislative friend without knocking, and had seen three packages of bills lying on the bed. Men were pointed out as grafters who had betrayed their constituencies for money. But the actual bribery was difficult to prove at the time. Dreams of sudden wealth might have come true, but the nightmares had evidently been condoned. There was no leader with whom to advise. Even Judge Davis, who had seen counted the \$1,000 received by Shock, refused to hold the money or to have anything to do with it. He did not doubt the truth of Shock's story, but he was an aged and refined man, whose life had been an open book in West Virginia, and he shrank at the thought of being mixed in a scandal. He had heard during his life of such occurrences in politics, but this was the first time he had come in actual contact with corruption, and he did not know the object of the meeting when he was called into conference.

There was determined but ineffective opposition to both Chilton and Watson on the legislative ballot. Ten Democrats voted against Watson and several against Chilton. These members were convinced that bribery had been resorted to. Some of the members voted for Watson and Chilton on the promise of former Governor MacCorkle, made on the floor of the Senate, that the charges would be honestly and fairly investigated.

Delegate E. F. Moore, a Republican of Marshall County, offered a resolution that "Whereas, it has been publicly charged and circulated, and is of general report and common belief in the city of Charleston and throughout the State, that large sums of money were improperly used by the candidates who secured the nominations for the United States Senate in the Democratic caucus . . . and that the action of a large number of the said Senators and delegates was influenced by such improper motives," that a committee

be appointed to investigate. This resolution was modified, and a substitute finally adopted calling for an investigation of Shock's charges; but one week later no committee had been appointed, and the Legislature finally adjourned without any investigation.

In accepting office, Watson said: "At this time let it be distinctly understood that if reasonable proof, not rumor, is shown to me or to you, that improper influences have been used by me or by my friends in this election, I will not accept the office."

Chilton's speech was more rhetorical. "I understand," he said, "that it has been intimated here that possibly I have been guilty of some corruption in connection with this nomination. Let me say here, fresh from a dear old mother's bedside; let me say here to you, fresh from the purity of a family that I love; let me say to you, here and now, in the solemn presence of good Democrats, and as God is my judge, I have done nothing wrong in this canvass."

Governor Glasscock presented to Senator Elihu Root a petition asking for a Senatorial investigation. Nothing was done—the Governor resubmitted the charges later, when informed that there was other evidence, positive and direct, in addition to the Shock incident. They are now pending in the Senate.

Though Watson will not be returned to the Senate next January, Chilton still has four years to serve.

He was one of the active participants in the legislative canvass which resulted in his election, and it is generally asserted in West Virginia that his political record is far less creditable than Watson's. He is a servile tool of the forces that have corrupted West Virginia.

And then, again, bribery is likely to be repeated in the Republican Legislature of West Virginia this winter. The same coal barons, with whom party loyalty is an iridescent dream, and trade loyalty an axiom, are again lining up for the legislative advantages by which they monopolize the necessities of the people.

Collier's All-Southern Football Team

(Concluded from page 13)

At end we have a number of sterling performers. Gillem (Sewanee) did not allow the captaincy to detract from his skill. His drop-kicking and punting were matched by his brilliant defensive end work. Robinson (Auburn) played one of the finest defensive games I have seen this year. E. Brown (Vanderbilt) was the best end in covering kicks, but his lack of weight prevented him from being used for all tackle purposes in the new game. McGee (A. and M. Mississippi) was another fast and determined end. Baker (Tulane) was a splendid receiver of forward passes, and Montgomery (A. and M. Texas) one of the best of the Texans.

At quarter back no one approached Morrison (Vanderbilt's 1911 star) as a general, but several equaled his work as a runner and excelled in the kicking game. Costello (Georgetown) was a spectacular player to watch, fooling the

best of tacklers, catching punts and drop-kicking with accuracy. Closely pressing him were Fletcher (Mississippi) and Kern (Texas), two fine dodgers.

In the back field were many players of high caliber. Hardage (Vanderbilt) was one of the South's best forward passers, a hard tackler, and a plucky player at all times. He merits the place of half back on the All-Southern. Reule (A. and M. Mississippi) was a fast, powerful back of the line player, and H. Van de Graaff (Alabama) one of the most certain tacklers I have seen. These three make a back field of high rank.

This 1912 All-Southern team, as chosen, has a fast, charging line of great defensive power, a back field composed of a great line plunger in Reule, two never-failing tacklers, fast end runners, and forward passers in Hardage and Van de Graaff, with a wonderful kicker in Costello. As captain I would choose Hardage.

The Dummy

(Continued from page 18)

are both locked. Be on the lookout all the time to see that they don't get a chance to startle you into betraying yourself. Understand?

"They may get some one in to try to pump you. If they do, be as stupid as you can. You're not supposed to be more than half-witted anyway."

"Dodge anyone you know on the streets. Don't speak to anybody, anywhere. Not even to me. No matter what happens, don't make any outcry. If we get into a tight place, the fact that you're deaf and dumb is all that will save you from serious trouble. Our boys will be watching the house. And watching you on the streets. And if anything happens, let it happen—and keep quiet—and wait—and we'll get to you."

"What's going to happen?" Barney asked, thrilled.

"Probably nothing at all," Babbling said. "We're fishing—with you for bait. They may not rise to you. If they do, don't worry—that's all. We'll have the line on you all the time."

So, with Barney wriggling happily under the ticklish apprehension of being a decoy, they settled down in their dingy rooms to the routine which Babbling arranged for them. The maid served them their breakfast in their apartment, on an old-fashioned card table at the foot of Babbling's folding bed. She made up Barney's room while they were still at table, and Babbling lingered over his newspaper until a young woman from his office—playing the part of a teacher from the Institute—came to give Barney his pretended lessons in lip reading. Babbling left her in charge and went to his work. At midday she took Barney out to lunch—



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The Dummy

(Continued from page 20)

eon at a near-by restaurant, and brought him back to the house afterward. He remained there, amusing himself in solitude, till five o'clock, when Babbing arrived.

They went for a walk together, dined together at some café, and spent the evening together either in their rooms or, presumably, seeing the sights. Mrs. Hart seemed to take no more than a kindly landlady's interest in their doings, and Barney remained dumb so religiously that his mouth ached.

BUT, under the surface of this daily round, Barney saw various hidden activities always on the alert. The teacher who came to give him lip readings spied and listened at the door, and watched about her in the restaurant and on the streets. He recognized operatives of the Babbing Bureau in the casual passers-by wherever he went. Babbing continually "tested" himself to see whether he was being followed when he was out with Barney; and when they went to the Cranmer Building of an evening, it was always in the office of Adam Cook that Babbing received his men and worked on his cases. They were reporting regularly on the Hart gang.

Barney was not allowed to go alone on the streets. And Babbing explained to Mrs. Hart one morning, in the natural course of conversation, that his son had been kidnaped in Chicago some years previous, and ransomed for five thousand dollars; and since that time another attempt had been made to steal him; and, in fact, they had moved from Chicago because of this second attempt; and Babbing had not felt it safe to leave Barney in a hotel in New York; and that was the real reason why they had sought rooms in a private residence.

Babbing blurted it all out in a worried rush once he had begun it, and Mrs. Hart heard him sympathetically. She even volunteered to keep an eye on Barney in the afternoons, to make sure that he did not slip out while no one was watching him. Babbing was deeply indebted to her. It relieved his mind more than he could say.

When she had left the room he spelled out to Barney on his fingers: "Watch yourself."

And Barney watched, as eager as young hope. He was leading a life of elegant idleness, sleeping late, eating unlimitedly, wearing good clothes, and doing no work whatever; and, by contrast with his days as a telegraph boy, he was a son of poverty who had fallen heir to millions. Consequently he was full of a restless vitality that remained bottled up in him like an effervescence. He made his Institute teacher take lessons from him, so that she could understand "dummy talk," for she refused to let him whisper to her, even in the privacy of his room, obeying Babbing's orders. And when he was left to his solitary afternoons he roamed around impatiently, unable to take any interest in the "baby books" that his affectionate papa had bought for him. He had been carefully deprived of the newspapers, which he was supposed to be too immature to understand. "Gee!" he said to himself, "a fullah might's well be in a coop. It wouldn't hurt 'em to let me go to a movie. Gee, this is fierce. If somethin' don't happen soon, I'll blow up an' bust."

HE was being taught the detective's patience—the patience of a cat at a mouse hole.

One afternoon Mrs. Hart came in with a workman, carrying a table to replace the card table, which she wished to remove. Barney was sitting by the window, apparently absorbed in a picture book, and he watched them with an interest that was not assumed. Any intrusion was welcome.

The workman scrutinized him casually. "Looks as if he could kick," he said to the table. And Mrs. Hart answered hurriedly: "Sh! He can read your lips."

She nodded and smiled to Barney, who watched her blankly. As they went out, taking the card table, he heard the man mutter something about "blindfold."

And he sat staring at the closed door as if he were indeed a dummy. He had been so intent upon his own deceptions—and Babbing's—that he had neither seen nor suspected the deceptions of his opponents. He had accepted Mrs. Hart as a mildly scheming bore who had been tricked into

admitting them to her house; and he had despised her. Her "Sh! He can read your lips"—followed by her affected smile to him as she went out—had goosed him, less with fear of her than with a panic at his own stupidity. What were they up to? How had he failed to see any signs of it before? How far had they gone in it? "Looks as if he could kick." The man had come there, disguised, to size him up. To what end? What were they going to do to him?

Barney had the sensations of the African hunter who found himself trailed by his lion.

He was relieved by the thought that Babbing was also out after the animal, and he ran to the door to listen. Hearing nothing, he began to caper, excitedly. Something was going to "happen" at last! Babbing would come at five o'clock and they would consult together. His term of confinement would end in a dramatic springing of the trap for which he had been the bait. He began to "shadow fight" around the room, boxing the air with jubilant leads and counters, ducking and side stepping and planting mighty blows.

By the time that he had winded himself with the violence of this exercise, he had worked off enough of his excitement to sit again. Gee! if Babbing would only come now. But Babbing was not due till five, and it was vain to expect him before that time. As Adam Cook, it was part of his character to be methodical.

At four o'clock the doorbell rang, and Barney put his ear to the hall door, alertly. He heard the maid go to answer the bell. In a moment he heard her returning down the hall, followed by a heavier footfall.

He darted back to his seat by the window in time to be busy with a picture book when she knocked. He disregarded the knock, of course. She put her head in. "That's him," she said.

BARNEY looked up. A young man with a wrinkled mouth smiled falsely at him, shifted his flat-brimmed derby from his right hand to his left, took an envelope from the pocket of his natty blue serge, and crossed the room to deliver it. His feet were long and thin. He looked down at them—after he had handed Barney the envelope—smoothing his plastered black hair on the back of his head with the flat of his palm.

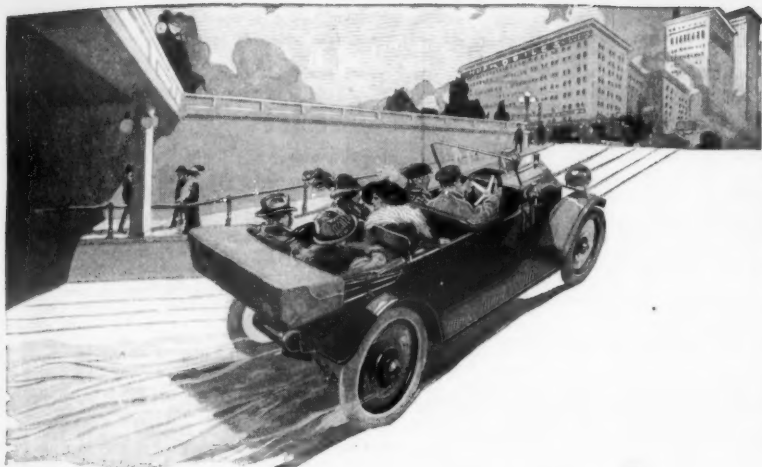
Barney knew him at once for what he was. The East Side breeds them by the hundreds, to be cadets, gangsters, touts, runners-up, the little jackals of organized vice protected by politics. Barney despised them as parasites, loathed them as cheap skates, and knew that they were dangerous because they shot where his own sort of tough would use the instruments of battery.

The letter was a typewritten note that read: "My dear Poy: I am to have dinner with a friend, uptown. I am sending an auto for you. Come with the bearer." It was signed "Your affectionate Papa" in the handwriting of Babbing's inscription in his picture books.

Barney guessed that it was a forgery. He was at an age when the intelligence, like the voice, has moments of adult bass, and moments when it cracks and runs up to a boyish treble; but, in many practical affairs of life, his mind had been matured by his experience on the streets; and within the limits of that experience he was as alert as a young fox. He understood that he was being kidnaped by "a bunch o' crooks." He knew, from the sample before him, that the men might be murderous. Yet the situation, for the instant, seemed almost amusing to him, and the men nearly ridiculous. Conceive the emotions of a street mongrel when it sees itself stolen, with infinite precautions, by a thief who expects to get a reward for returning it!

HE put the letter in his pocket and went to his bedroom for his hat. He noticed himself in his glass—rather pale—and he smiled at his reflection reassuringly. Of course, Babbing had planned for all this. He had expected them to kidnap him. They would take him to some secret den, and he would overhear everything they said, and then, when he had been rescued, his testimony would convict them of all the crimes that had ever been pictured in the Sunday supplements.

It was the thought of these crimes (Continued on page 25)



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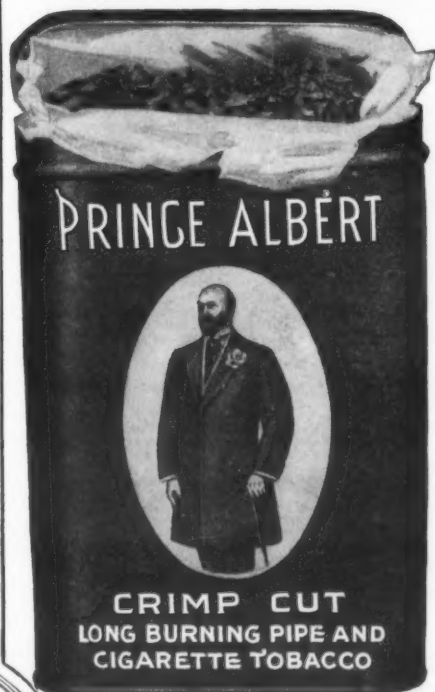
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The Dummy

(Continued from page 22)

that made him pale. He remembered Corcoran's "They'll cut your throat, if they get half a chance." And Babbing's "They'll kill to get free." He found himself afflicted with a cold crawling in his insides; and he wished that the plant might have been arranged so that Babbing could accompany him. His mind ran up into boyish trebles again when he imagined the bandit's lair in which he would be hidden. It was a stage setting from a Bowery melodrama, and its general atmosphere was shudderful.

HE was returned to the realities by the sight of the young crook who waited for him. The fellow was obviously nervous and in a hurry to get away; his anxiety put Barney more at ease, and he looked around the room as if he were in search of something. His kidnaper stood at the hall door, with his hand on the knob, his hat already on his head, eying him impatiently. Barney went back to his bedroom.

He followed to the bedroom and beckoned to Barney to come along; and Barney, of course, stopped to ask, on his fingers. "What?" The other shook his head, showed his watch, pointed over his shoulder with his thumb and said, under his voice: "Come on, you damn dummy. I got no time—" He choked down his impatience and tried to smile alluringly. Barney gazed at that smile like a cradled infant that sees teeth for the first time. He was repeating the success of his performance with Corcoran and enjoying an artist's triumph.

It took nearly five minutes to get him to the street entrance, and there his impatient abductor went ahead, down the steps, to open the door of a ramshackle taxicab that was waiting for them, with its motor thumping. It was making as much noise as a cross-town trolley car with a flat wheel.

Barney saw Corcoran far down the street.

He slipped back into the house again to give the detective time to reach them, and he grinned in the privacy of his room, enjoying himself. At the thought that the men might get frightened and go off without him, he hurried out again, taking a picture book as if he had returned for that.

CORCORAN had disappeared.

The street was empty. The houses looked blank. The man at the door of the taxi smiled and wagged a hooked finger at him. And Barney stood on the steps, stupidly reluctant, his book under his arm, paralyzed by the thought that Corcoran had deserted him—to be revenged.

If the auto had been the basket of a balloon, ready to leap into space with him—or if he had expected it to shoot down the asphalt like a Loop-the-loop car, dizzily—he could not have approached it with a more fascinated mind in a more apprehensive body. He drew a fortifying long breath. When he got in, and the auto started, his physical excitement was such that the first jerk of the forward movement set him gulping. He was off.

He was off on all imaginable wild adventures. He foresaw a thrilling pursuit of the taxicab, across the State, by Babbing and his operatives in an automobile that showed at the foot of every hill just as they topped it and shot down the other side. He foresaw himself, tied hand and foot, lying on a pallet of straw in a cellar, guarded by an old hag with a face like a pick, who muttered to herself about the murders she had committed, and gnawed at her crooked fingers. He tried to escape through a grated coal hole, and they caught him and bound him to a post and fixed up a shotgun with a string tied to the trigger from the knob of the door, so that if anyone attempted to get in to rescue him while they were away, the gun would explode and shoot him through the heart. And Babbing—

"Go easy, Gus," his kidnaper warned the driver. "We don't want any argument with the traffic squad."

THEY slowed at the corner, waiting for an opening in the stream of traffic that flowed north. Barney saw that traffic with large dumb eyes from which all intelligence had withdrawn, inward, to the more vivid pictures of a fancy that was fearful with delight. Someone came out

from the curb, stepped on the running board and opened the cab door. It was Corcoran. Another operative clambered in beside the driver. "How do, Tip?" Corcoran greeted Barney's captor. "They want to see you down at the office." He squeezed into the cab and forced down one of the small folding seats for himself. The driver had jammed on the brakes. "Tip" stared palely at the detective. "What d' yuh want?"

And Barney saw himself checked in the mid-flight of adventure by this premature intrusion of help. "Gee!" he said to himself. "The big boob! Why couldn't he leave us alone for a minute!" "They want to see you," Corcoran said, "about the same old trouble. I've been looking for you all day."

"Well, I'm busy."

"Won't take you a second. Run along down in the machine. I'll go with you."

"Now look-a-here, Cork," he protested plaintively, "you've been over me so often on that damn ol' frame up of yours—I don't know a thing about the business, an' I can tell you that, here, without wastin' gasoline."

CORCORAN noticed Barney. "Who's your young friend?"

"It don't matter who he is. I was told to take him uptown to keep a date, an' I got to do it. How long 'll you want me?"

"About five minutes."

Tip cursed. "All right. I'll get out. The kid can go up alone."

"They want to see Gus, too. Better come along as you are. We won't keep you any time. Who is the kid?"

"Oh —, what difference does it make?" He was a thief accidentally intercepted by a policeman while he was making off with stolen property concealed on him. His one play was to go with the officer without arousing suspicion, and drop the stolen goods while the eyes of the law were averted. Barney, at least, could not betray him.

"Back up, Gus," he ordered the driver. "We've got to go down with these people an' help 'em put up a bluff that they're earnin' their wages. Don't you know anyone else in this burg to make a stall with, Cork, excep' me?"

Corcoran laughed. "No, Tip. You're my only meal ticket."

And the rest was easy. Tip Meyers made himself pleasant on the way down to the Babbing Bureau and only lost his temper when Barney could not be made to understand that he was to wait in the taxi while the others went into the Cranmer Building. That young dummy (at a sign from Corcoran) insisted on accompanying them to the detective offices, making an effort to show his father's letter every time that Tip tried to turn him back. Tip did not wish that document exposed, under the circumstances. He had to let Barney follow, in order to prevent him from appealing to Corcoran with the letter.

WHEN Archibald, impersonating Babbing, received them at Babbing's desk, he broke the news to Meyers that he and his driver, Gus Kane, were "wanted" on a charge of attempting to kidnap Barney Cook, son of Adam Cook, who had retained the Bureau to protect his son from a repetition of his Chicago adventure. And Barney, still worrying about his rendezvous with his affectionate parent, produced his letter inquiringly at a most inopportune moment, and clinched the case against the kidnapers.

"Now," Archibald said formally—after Meyers had lied and struggled and sunk himself deeper and deeper into the quicksand—"the only thing for you to do is to come across with the evidence that will bring the real criminals to justice, not only in the present case, but in the Meredith disappearance. We want Mrs. Hart and her husband. We don't care so much about you. I may say that when we heard where Mr. Cook was living we expected something of this sort to happen, and we prepared for it. We are now in a position to provide that the Cook case need not be prosecuted, if you decide to give us the benefit of your assistance in the other matter. Otherwise, of course, you know what the penalty is for kidnaping. Corcoran, you might take this boy back to his father. And send a stenographer in here as you go out."

Corcoran beckoned to Barney to follow

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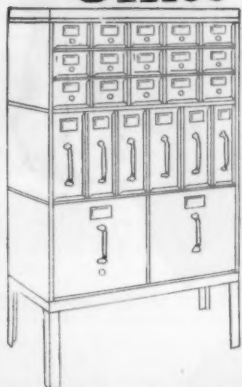
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The Dummy

(Concluded from page 25)

him. Outside, he said: "You'd better clear out of here until we're done with these people."

"Where's the chief?"

"He's down there still—waiting for the word to grab off Mrs. Hart."

"Well, say," Barney complained, "if you'd 'a' left me alone for a minute I'd 'a' had the whole gang!"

"Gee whizz, kid," Corcoran gaped at him. "Who do you think you are?"

Barney waved him off. "I'm Little Pussy-foot, the Boy Scout of the Metropolis. If you get stuck again on this

job, let me know. Ta-ta! Give my love to my affecshunt Paw-paw, an' tell him I'd like to see him when he's through here. I'm goin' home to Maw-maw."

"You're too free with your mouth," Corcoran growled over his shoulder as he went.

"Free!" Barney said. "I could talk my teeth loose." He sauntered to the elevator, whistling sibilantly. It was a relief even to whistle. "Take it from me, kid," he told himself, "this's no job for a boy soprano. You've got cobwebs on your top notes."

On Approval

(Concluded from page 16)

Gregory. Mr. Bassett came in and listened, filling his pipe again.

"Think of all those poor kids," he said, shaking his white head sadly. "I hope they get good homes. I hope this 'un will be contented here."

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Mrs. Bassett. "We've done well by our own, and I guess we'll do well by him. He'll have as good schooling an' care as they had," she explained this to Miss Wetherbee, "an' we calculate to leave him part o' the farm an' stock. There's no reason he shouldn't be well off."

"It seems to me he's very fortunate," said Miss Wetherbee.

Then she mentioned rather diffidently the formal inquiries that she would have to make—simply as a matter of record—of the minister and one or two others.

"Of course," said Mrs. Bassett promptly. "It's a good thing you're careful. There are people in the world, I guess, that ain't above takin' advantage of a helpless child. We'll all go down to church in the mornin', an' you can speak to our minister—he's known us twenty years. The doctor'll likely be there too, an' Lawyer Holcomb. They'll give us a good enough character, eh, father?" And she smiled proudly at her husband.

"Yes, yes, we ain't committed no hangin' offenses so fur," boomed the old man, cheerfully. "Never can tell, though. I had an uncle once went to jail for beatin' his wife. Don't know as I blame him, though. They're terrible aggravatin' sometimes, the wimmen are. I never dared tackle you, though, mother. I guess you could lick me, hey?"

When the kitchen was in immaculate order again, Mrs. Bassett opened a door off the living room.

"We've got a few things here for the boy," she said, lighting a lamp.

ON the floor was a long red sled, and on it lay a pair of skates. On the white coverlet of the bed were displayed a large pocketknife, an air gun, a copy of "Robinson Crusoe," a long tin horn, a pair of fur gloves, a red sweater, a mouth organ, and a new hatchet.

"I know what boys like," said Mrs. Bassett. "Then here's a lot o' little things for his stockin', an' some candy animals an' some o' them long candy canes. Now if he's asleep we might put these round his bed. There's nothin' like wakin' up Christmas mornin' in the dim, you know!"

But Gregory was not asleep. His candle was out, the moonlight poured through the dormer windows. He answered Miss Wetherbee's soft call.

"Try to go to sleep—it's late," she said. "All right," he answered.

"Are you warm enough?" "Yes."

"Do you want a drink of water or anything?"

"No."

She sat down a moment on the side of his bed.

"Gregory, I think you'll be happy here. I think you're a lucky boy. They're such nice people!"

He did not answer, but moved restlessly in the strange bed.

Miss Wetherbee went downstairs and sat before the fire for a little while, talking to the Bassetts.

"He's very shy," she said of Gregory. "I wonder what he's thinking about. He's so tired and yet he lies awake there."

"Natural enough—did you never see a cat in a strange house?" said Mrs. Bassett's deep voice. "Of course he's uneasy. He'll get used to us fast enough."

"I do hope you'll like him," Miss Wetherbee sighed. "Perhaps he's uneasy about that. Of course if you should want to send him back—"

"Not likely," almost snapped Mrs. Bassett. "He's my boy. Send him back! Take him in and then send him back as if he was a package of goods that didn't suit! I wonder at people! A boy's a boy, and, of course, he gives some trouble. So you think that's what's keeping him from his sleep. Poor innocent!"

She got up abruptly, as though disliking this show of feeling, and began to wind the clock. Mr. Bassett made a sorrowful noise, hanging his bushy white head.

"Perhaps he's asleep now," said Miss Wetherbee.

THIS time there was no answer when she spoke his name. The gifts were brought up the stairs and handed to her, and she arranged them round his bed, and filled the stocking, sticking the candy canes in at the top. Her face was bright when she came out, and said good night to the Bassetts.

"He will be happy when he wakes," she said.

Soon the house was quiet, except for the loud ticking of the clock downstairs and the low voices of the farmer and his wife as they moved about in their bedroom. Then the voices ceased. Miss Wetherbee from her bed could look out her open window over the white hill-sides in all the solemn glory of the moon. The air was inexpressibly pure and sweet. A cow lowed sleepily near by, the dog snored by the stove below, the clock ticked, there were little creaks and snappings in the old wood of the farmhouse.

At home now the big hall was cleared for the dance. The violins were playing her waltz—their waltz, and he perhaps was dancing with some one else, or perhaps was thinking of her. No matter, she was glad she had done it. Other days would come and go, and this day would be marked with a white stone.

A long sigh came from the little room across the hall. Her last thought as she drifted off to sleep was of the child there, and she smiled.

Something half waked her in the twilight before the dawn—a fluttering, piping note, as of an ecstatic bird—instantly stilled again.

When she really woke, the sun, just risen, was streaming in her window. She looked out upon a wide valley, white and golden pink in the sunrise. A cheerful noise came from the farm buildings across the yard, the animals were all afoot. The stove rattled loudly below stairs. The dog barked. The door opened and shut with a loud slam.

She saw Mr. Bassett, his white hair like an aureole in the sun under his fur cap. He was walking toward the barn, and the shaggy dog ran, barking, in circles about him. Mr. Bassett had Gregory by the hand. The boy was wearing the red sweater and the fur gloves, and dragging the shining sled.

MISS WETHERBEE saw his upturned face. His cheeks were red and his eyes shone.

She put her head out of the window and cried: "Merry Christmas!"

They looked round. When Gregory saw her he jumped up and down in the snow and waved both arms over his head.

He shouted loudly. His voice rang out full and free, with all the strength of his lungs. Joyous it rang and echoed back again from the snowy slopes.



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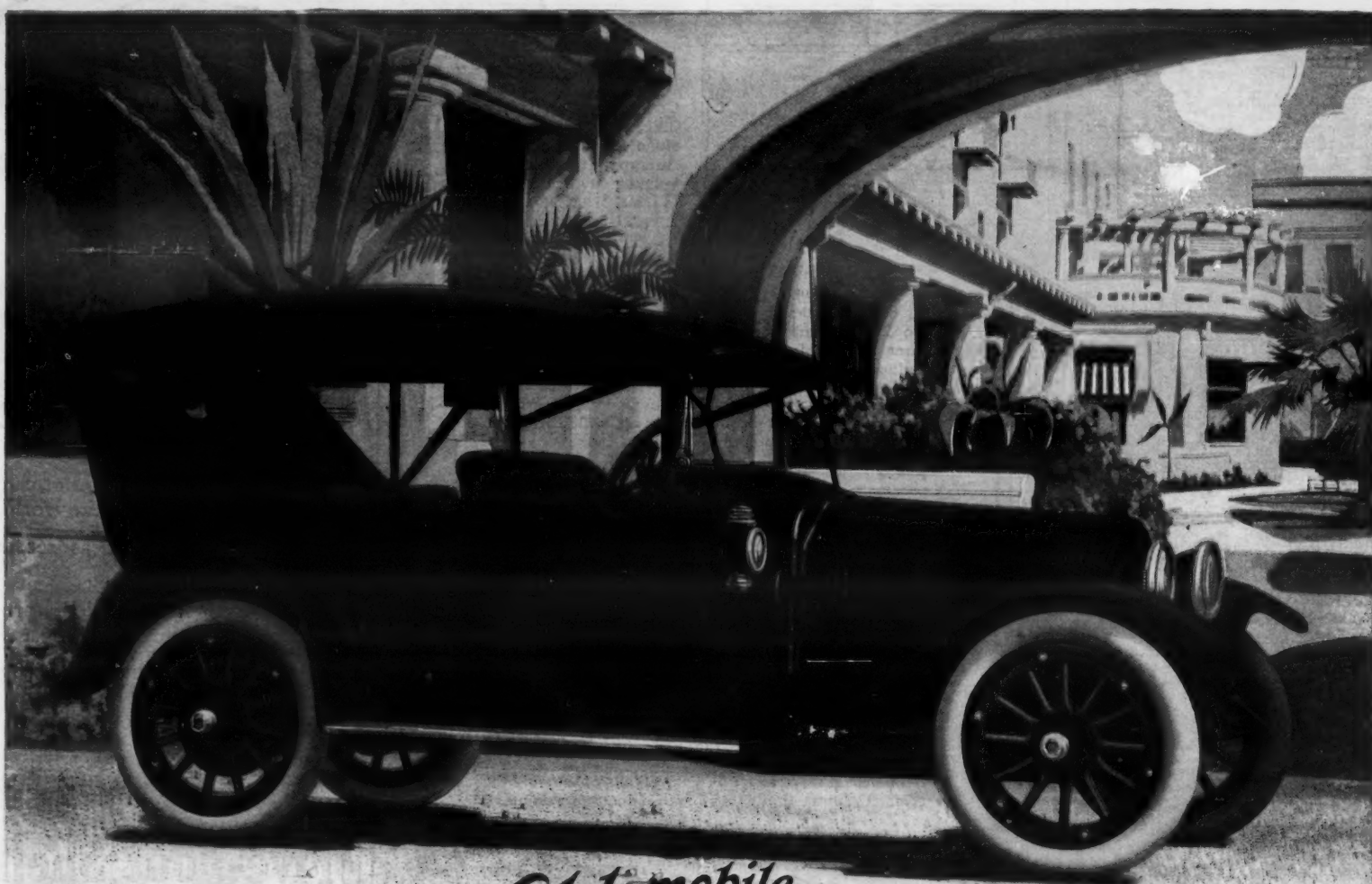
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